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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 10 No. 4 50p

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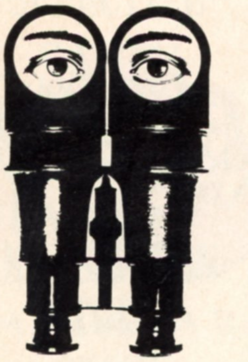


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

It's an old adage amongst the photographers who supply girl pictorials to *Mayfair* that a good location is harder to find than a good girl. Clive McLean for example is used to shooting girls only yards away from the rumble of traffic along a busy road in Kent, a tribute to his powers of concentration and the hedge screening put up by the local council. For his photo spread on Daphne Gregg however, Clive wanted a location secluded enough for his model to feel free enough to move with the unbridled eroticism of which he knew she was capable. The problem had him stumped until he chanced upon the garden of our Managing Director, Yvonne Fisk's, Surrey cottage. 'The garden's a perfect location.' enthused Clive as Mrs Fisk agreed to his request for its use in a photosession, and from a perfect location comes the perfect set of an unbridled Daphne beneath a weeping willow.

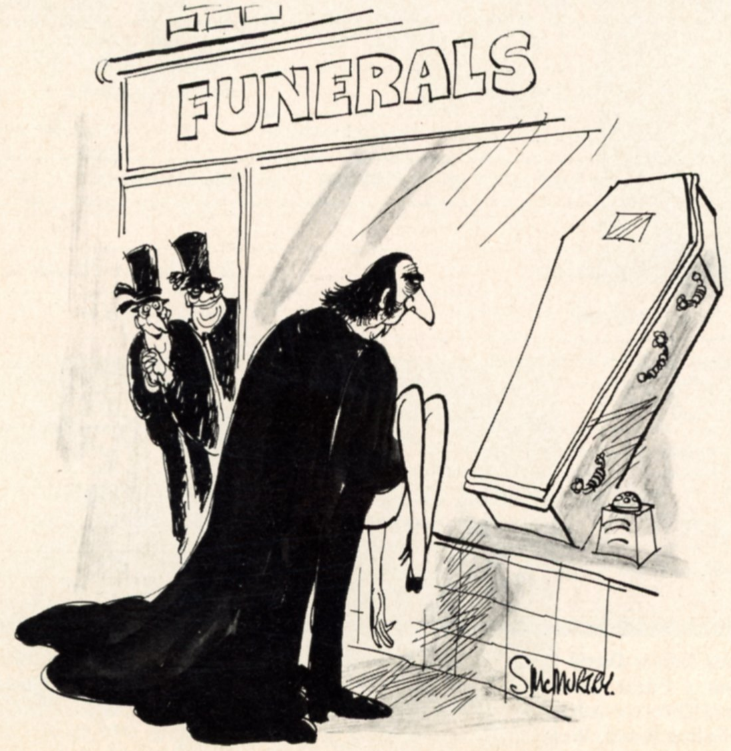
We're becoming more convinced by the minute that our contributor P. M. Jones is blessed with second sight. In *Scene*, Vol. 10 No. 2 we remarked upon the extraordinary co-incidence that had made Jones centre his nostalgic piece *Goodnight Gladys* on *The White Swan* in Richmond – the selfsame pub in which Editor Kenneth Bound and Brian O'Hanlon had found themselves discussing the aspects of pubmanship which led to Brian's reminiscences appearing in *Mayfair* under the title of *When the Pubs Are Closed.* After we had mulled over the odds against Jones choosing this particular pub (there are, after all, over sixty thousand in the country), our astonishment knew no bounds when we came to read *The Beer, Jill Walker and Piggy Fisk*, Jones' latest nostalgic story which begins on page 36. Not only is *Mayfair* published by the Fisk Publishing Company, but one of Jones' friends had the same unusual name as a friend of ours. 'I did think of changing 'Fisk' to 'Smith' on spotting the name of your Company,' wrote Jones, 'but didn't want to mess the manuscript up. I only thank Christ that none of you married a Jill Walker!' It will not have escaped your eagle eyes that our Advertisement Director just happens to be Adrian Walker – happily, his wife is *not* called Jill!

Whether we're discussing girls or gourmet food, machine guns or mini cars, we have one clearcut Editorial policy and that is to be as informative and authoritative as possible. Our feature this month on the development of the torpedo which begins on page 48 is written by Edwyn Gray, who is one of the foremost authorities in this highly specialised field. Much of the information and anecdote in the feature is taken from Gray's own recently-published book *The Devil's Device* (Seeley Service, £5.25). Containing, as it does, many rare and original illustrations, this is a book which we heartily endorse.

Air travel is a means of transport which rarely fails to send our adrenalin pumping just that bit faster. The bustle of an international airport; the tangy smell of jet fuel and the roar of aircraft engines always seem to excite. Our contributor Michael Rines, who writes on page 76, finds himself slightly at odds with our own personal view however. His piece contains much valuable information to smooth the passage of the air traveller, yet we can't help but feel that those to whom flying comes as easy as catching a bus are missing out on life. After all, Sir Winston Churchill, who during his life must have logged up millions of air miles, never lost his interest in flying. Once, when flying in an Anson over the trackless Arabian desert, he wanted to draw his navigator's attention to some objects far below. Finding conversation impossible, he wrote on the plane's log-book: 'What are those brown blobs below?' The navigator's written reply was succinct to the point of terseness: 'Camels'. Too good to be true, you might think, yet this log-book was recently on display at Somerset House's Churchill exhibition.

Personally speaking, we have always reckoned that the height of erotic luxury would be to make love in a four-poster bed. Sadly though, original four-posters are neither easily available nor cheap to buy, and we don't receive many invitations to visit stately homes for the purpose of sampling the delights of their boudoirs. We were resigned to living out our fantasies on the old box-sprung until we came across Chris Trippear, Director of the Tiger Class Boats Company in Penrith, Cumbria who makes exact fibre-glass reproductions of an old 17th century four-poster which he owns. 'Each bed takes about 10 days to make,' says Chris, 'then they're crated up and sent off. You don't need any special tools to assemble them – just a spanner. It's very easy.' Since hitting upon his idea a year ago, Chris has sold nearly 100 four-posters. I had an Arab gentleman visit me recently,' smiles Chris, 'he ordered two dozen beds, but wouldn't tell me whether they were for the girls in the harem!'

The enclosed invitation to apply for an American Express Credit Card is special to you, ran the letter received by one of our Editorial staff, *it is only given to a selected group of men and women in Britain . . . PS If you are already an American Express Cardmember, please pass this invitation to a friend or colleague.* If they are as special and select as you are!



'Ah, bless 'em – newly-weds out buying a bed.'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I am 26 years old and am suffering from what can only be described as 'inverted nipples'. I believe they're far worse than those of Jacqui (Vol. 9 No. 9, p. 47). I have spoken to my doctor who says there's nothing unusual in this, but neither my boyfriend nor I are at all satisfied. Other than an operation, possibly involving plastic surgery, is there anything you know of that can improve this condition? R.M., London S.W.1.

Without a clinical examination it is extremely difficult to give a precise answer. Manipulation and oral application might be the answer, however – and surely your boyfriend would be only too pleased to help out in this regard. At other times, you could manipulate your nipples yourself, pulling and stretching them, especially in the bath when the skin is more pliable.

Cosmetic surgery is really the last resort, as I've never heard of anyone undergoing such an operation for the reason you state.

If your bust is small, then your nipples will probably be small anyway, and will be difficult to extend. If, on the other hand, you're 36 or 38 inches, it would be much easier to enlarge your nipples, using one of the above methods.

I realise that it's not your policy to answer anonymous letters, but in this case I hope you will make an exception, and that you'll understand why I can't give you my name and address.

Like many men, I have fantasies. These mostly involve forcing girls, against their wills, to perform fellatio with me. I don't believe there is any harm if these remain fantasies. But though I try to stop myself, I have, on two occasions, molested women in the street. Once I even disguised myself and made a planned attack on a woman. I only fondled her breasts and buttocks before I ran away.

My urges frighten me: what if one day I carried out my fantasies? I don't want it to happen. I am happily married – and my wife is an expert at fellatio, so that isn't the problem. I can't go to my own doctor with a problem like this. Similarly I don't want to seek prolonged treatment anywhere, as I am a well-known public figure in my own field and would be ruined by any publicity.

There must be many like me, who know their weaknesses and try to overcome them, but have slipped slightly once or twice and fear for the future, but who dare not seek treatment because (1) what they have already done is unlawful and (2) they are well-known.

Am I in need of psychiatric help? Is there a drug I could take to reduce my sexual desires (but not eliminate them – I have a wife)? What can I do? I shall read Mayfair *and hope that you can help me.*

In this case I *am* breaking my usual practice concerning anonymous letters, as everything Mr. X states rings true, and clearly he is in need of help.

There is a drug, comparatively recently issued, for the treatment of sexual offenders, but this has the overall effect of suppressing all sexual desires. And therefore, Mr. X., your marital life would suffer.

If you seek psychiatric help, which I would advise, you would probably be placed on depressants and tranquillizers and even perhaps be given a course of aversion therapy, though that part of the course I wouldn't recommend to anyone.

I doubt whether normal treatment will help very much, but unless *you* are prepared to make a move and seek outside help, I rather fear that one day your 'second half' will take command and you might molest or injure a woman, and be caught, and then your world would collapse around you.

Help can be given if you consult a person who specialises in these matters and, of course, your identity would be respected. The consulting room is a great repository of 'guilt'. It's not the names we're interested in, it is the person and his problem which concerns those engaged in offering help.

Since I was ten I've longed to be a girl, and I have never lost that longing. I am now 36. It has taken me all these years, but I have finally made my mind up to do something about it and I'm appealing to you for help.

I am married with three children and I have to think about them – so that is why I wish to go halfway to ending my agony. If I were to obtain hormone treatment to allow me to develop breasts, I could dress as a woman on the quiet and still carry out my role as father to my children.

I have told my wife that there's a lot of money to be made by drag artists and that I would like to cash in. I seem to have convinced her, and at last she has accepted the fact when I go out to do a gig at night I will be dressed as a woman on stage. T.C., Liverpool.

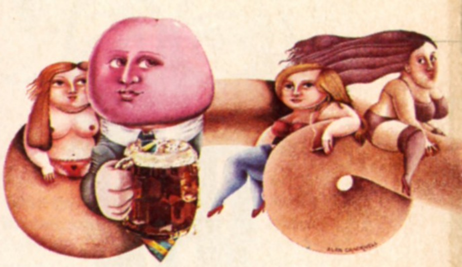
While I can understand this form of fetishism, I am afraid I can't offer any recommendations professionally on hormones. And no doctor will provide these without a very good and substantial reason. I must also warn you that it is extremely dangerous to just go out and buy some hormone tablets. If you did so, you may in fact get the reverse of what you desired and should there be any slight irregularity in the system producing contra-indications, I'm afraid to say that there is no telling what might happen.

If you are still anxious to develop your figure along female lines, you must be prepared for loss of your male sexuality. See your own doctor and be very frank with him: he may then be willing to refer you to a specialist. But on the other hand, your doctor may refuse to go along with the proposition.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.



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Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Editor **Jim Bunker** / Features Editor **David Brenner** / Fiction Editor **Gerald Cole** / Production Editor **Peter Wilton** Photography **Clive McLean** / Books **Arthur Pottersman** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Motoring **William Boddy**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 64 Ealing Road, Wembley/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printing and Binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Anstey, Leicester/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright – Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

The following questions are for married men only. (The Editor blanched and gasped as he read these horrendous words. Fifteen score of lawyers pursed their lips, took their fees and shook their heads in negative unison. Three senior army officers, readers of *Mayfair*, resigned their commissions, and my loyalist reader phoned to say his wife was threatening to take the veil. Yet it's very innocent, really . . .)

Would you be less proper, less restrained in the privacy and intimacy of your bedroom if the girl in there with you was not your awful lawful wedded wife?

In what ecstatic position does your spouse most resemble the girl you thought you'd married? (One character in Julius Horwitz' new novel isn't quite sure whether it's lying under her, driving her crazy with a finger up her ass; pumping away, standing up behind her, while she arches her back like a cat and opens herself up wide; or sucking him off with such intensity that he can't tell if the result will be an orgasm or mini-decapitation.)

What would you do if you came home unexpectedly one day – and found your wife masturbating with a bottle?

This is all pretty heady, significantly sexual stuff, so I ought to explain right away that this new novel, **The Married Lovers** (Gollancz, £2.20) aims to get to grips with the biggest single issue – take the pun if you find it – in wedded bedded bliss today. Why do husbands make love to their wives? Or wives to husbands, for that matter? Is it a sense of proprietorship and rental? For everything seems to suggest it sure as sin ain't pleasure, love or downright comforting.

The book is full of sad people, men who find their wives somehow empty, physically, on their wedding day, like bags of flour – or confetti. Men who copulate with their wives because that's what their wives are for, and wives who let them, but don't ever really join them . . .

The message seems to be that husbands behave like humanoids with genitals who have to ensure they get the full benefit of their marriage licence to have intercourse.

And wives are perfectly capable of producing the sort of voluptuous sex that husbands dream of – but they can't produce it on instant demand. The result: dull husbands, and wives with a longing for lust.

That must be why David, the novel's hero, still thinks of a girl he'd known at college as the 'eternal woman' – because without being vulgar or lewd, without talking, without even asking for money, she would lie in a student's bed, sweaty and naked, and take, freely, energetically, to utter ejaculation, anything from ten to 50 young men every night.

No wonder another character finds the greatest times of his erotic life in bed with his wife's best girlfriend, a dame whose finger tips, he recalls 'did more for me than all the nerve endings in her vagina.'

No wonder one woman finds dissatisfaction aroused that her husband, perfect lover though he be, can reach only six orgasms in a night whereas she is capable of an infinite number. (She buys herself a vibrator, works out a position where the vibrator performs its little magic tricks without her needing to hold it, and settles back to try and enjoy an infinite series of cold sneeze-like sensations.)

Well, for all that a man has written it, the final showdown is totally from the wife's point-of-view. Her confession starts with a more or less casual surprise: an old school friend, a boy who never had the nerve to make a pass at her 20 years earlier, calls up, invites her for lunch in his hotel room: 'I wore a dress without a bra and when he touched me without feeling a bra and when he saw that my breasts were as firm as he remembered them from a fleeting touch over 20 years ago, he became like a schoolboy on his first date. Which I found very exciting . . . He sucked on my breasts, something I've grown to like very much. I find it as exciting as having the inside of my thighs kissed with a man's tongue flicking up to kiss the rest of me. I had to lead him into it, but he learned very quickly . . . When he entered me for the first time I closed my thighs over him and squeezed him in a way you have never felt and which made him tremble like a schoolboy.'

From this experience on, she determines to tell her horrified husband, to discover what her own sensual limits are. There was the New York shirt salesman who forced her to kneel over the bed while he licked parts of her that had never been touched before, until she had to grab him to bring it to an end, or, should I say, an overture, several furious orgasms following.

She studied all the manuals, did a lot of innocent looking exercises: 'It is delicious to grasp a man and hold him and then feel his orgasm come unexpectedly because he had never been held in such a way before.'

One of her best finds was a Swedish diplomat who could maintain his erection for an hour in the morning: 'He forced me to use every skill to bring him to an orgasm. That required the most abandoned and delicious use of my body and myself. What he liked best was me on top of him with him in my grasp, almost no movement on his part except to suck my nipples . . .'

Well, I dare say I know what you're thinking, too: where can I meet a woman like that, one who needs . . .

(*Editor's note: this month's manuscript ended with a note in Arthur Pottersman's handwriting, indicating that a wife, presumably his own, had dragged him away before he could properly conclude. Presumably he concluded improperly instead. It's his marital bedroom, after all!*)

No. 92 squadron Spitfire which crash landed at Biggin Hill in September 1940. During its 12 year production life, more than 22,000 Spitfires rolled off the production lines. Photograph is one of over 250 black and white illustrations in 'Spitfire at War,' by Alfred Price (Ian Allan, £4.50) which sets out to investigate the Spitfire legend. This it accomplishes by relaying the experiences of the men who flew, fought, commanded and serviced them.

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Cover:

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- Daphne Gregg
    1. post [partial]
- Geraldine Hinchcliffe
    1. post
- Janet Brown
    1. post
- Judith Jane
    1. post [mixed]
- Louise Atterby, GotM
    1. post
- Lucy Lunn | thread
- Wendy Ridge
    1. post [partial]

Geraldine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL SHARMAN

Those born under the sign of Leo, as horoscopes will inform you, are born leaders; proud and with a knack of always seeming to get their own way. 'It's true,' laughs 19-year-old Geraldine Hinchcliffe, whose birthday falls on August 17, 'I'm a terror if things don't turn out just how I want them to. I'll sit and sulk until people get so fed up with me that they'll give in. I'm terribly spoilt really and sometimes get these little twinges of guilt when I've been really bad. I'm sure I must deserve to have my bottom spanked

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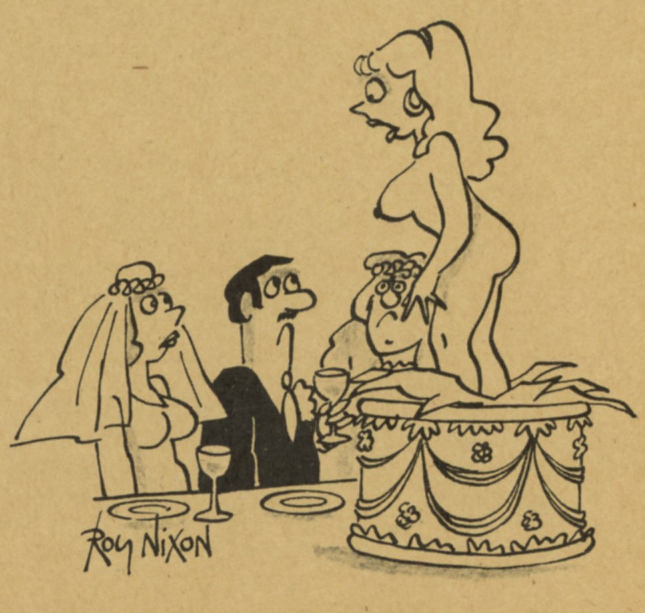
FILMS

Gerald Cole

'You can't do this to me', gasps a very nude and still comely Joan Collins beneath a heaving Alan Price. 'I'm a respectable married woman.' 'Her husband treats her like a duchess,' explains Mr. Price. 'Trouble is, she wants to be treated like a woman.' Male chauvinism, among other things, is rampant in **Alfie Darling** (X), the long-delayed sequel to that saga of a Cockney sex maniac in which Michael Caine starred some years ago. Despite the lapse of time Alfie's habits have changed little; every bird beyond the age of puberty is fair game, from a young and shapely hitchhiker (speared with a flash of well-proportioned breasts in the cab of Alfie's lorry), via the beautiful wife of a French restaurant owner (Rula Lenska, discreetly nude but bare from the waist up) and a well-seasoned neighbour who takes advantage of Alfie's bad back to leap astride him, topless (Annie Ross, surprisingly). But there the resemblance to the earlier film ends. Alan Price's Alfie is, inevitably but inexplicably, a Geordie and his eulogising of London – 'It's the randiest city in the world, full of birds just waiting to be laid' – rings very oddly; they just don't talk like that in Battersea and few Geordies would rhapsodize so much about the Smoke. Mr. Price may be an excellent composer and musician – two of his songs adorn the soundtrack very well – but dramatic acting is overstretching his capabilities, especially in a film as slushily romantic as this. Alfie actually falls in love – he knows because for the first time in his life he fails to rise to the occasion when he eventually beds the girl. More than that, Abby (Jill Townsend), the love of his life, is a desperately trendy female executive, who is wont to zap off to the continent at a phone call's notice or stage manage supplement-type photo sessions in Hyde Park. Her enthusiasm for Alfie – not helped by Jill Townsend's rather fey underplaying – relies much more on the demands of the plot than reality. Alan Price's sincerity and matiness come over well – playing himself in *O Lucky Man* recently he was just right – but when he's asked to express mad grief at Abby's loss (it gives away nothing to say the affair is doomed) or even to turn and chat happily to the camera – a device which worked splendidly in the first *Alfie* – his rawness only makes us feel self-conscious and perfectly adequate performances from the other actors look wildly exaggerated.

James Caan, an American actor who's appearing in almost as many films as Robert Redford of late, stars in **The Gambler** (X). It's the story of a youthful professor of literature at a New York university – with a most unintellectual obsession for gambling. An obsession that loses him his girlfriend (blonde Lauren Hutton), the affection of his wealthy family, and eventually almost his life. It is competent but distinguised by only three things, the first being its English director Karel Reisz – who made *Morgan: A Suitable Case for Treatment* and *The Third Man*, though there is almost nothing in the film to suggest that. Secondly, one piece of genuine wisdom: a gambler really wants to lose, it's why winning is such an incredible excitement. And lastly, one deliciously funny scene when a bookmaker's 'heavy' – at that point still a friend of Caan – casually asks to borrow his phone, bawls blood-curdling threats down it to a client and ends his tirade with a burst of Italian. 'It doesn't mean a thing,' he tells Caan calmly. 'But the Italian always gets them worried.'

The poles are getting very crowded these days. Just before Christmas Donald Sinden discovered *The Island at the Top of the World* where ancient Vikings were still living in a remote valley heated by volcanoes a few miles west of Greenland. And now Doug McClure, late of *The Virginian*, has discovered the lost continent of Caprona near the South Pole – otherwise known as **The Land That Time Forgot** (U). Based on an Edgar Rice Burroughs story, it tells how a group of torpedoed merchant seamen take over the German U-boat that sunk them and promptly lose themselves in the Antarctic. Aided by Mr. McClure, who happens to be the son of the U-boat's American designer, they enter their lost world via an underground river. There they are threatened by a menagerie of regulation dinosaurs – the land monsters rather more convincing than the aquatic variety. But why, oh, why, does every prehistoric monster movie feature a tussle between Tyrannosaurus Rex and trusty Triceratops? Aren't there any other ferocious fossils to choose from? But the kids this film is aimed at are unlikely to quibble, and the dads can content themselves with ogling blonde Susan Penhaligon and an extremely long distance shot of naked wild women cavorting in a spring.



'Well, if it's any consolation, the local rugby club is going to be pretty annoyed, too!'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Frederic Chopin's music is filled with poetic sensibility. His many works for the piano were poured out with passionate nervous energy during 20 years of creative activity before his early death. His music reflects the romantic age in which he lived. It is sensitive, tender, amorous, lyrical and melancholy by turns. He was the musical soul brother to Lord Byron and John Keats.

Chopin: The Great Piano Music (CBS 77375) is a specially priced three-record set which contains a collection of some of the best-loved of this composer's enormous keyboard output – 14 waltzes; 24 preludes Op. 28; ten polonaises; sonata in B minor Op. 58; Fantasy Impromptu Op. 66; Tarantelle Op. 43; Berceuse Op. 57. The pianist on these recordings, which were made in the 60s, is the late Alexander Brailowsky, who showed a striking personal and technical flair for Chopin.

His intense identification with this music was dramatically established when he executed a complete Chopin cycle – a feat unheard of until then – at the Salle Pleyel in Paris, in 1922.

A Chopin melody, magnificent, transparent, eloquent, is immediately recognisable, but careful listening reveals qualities more subtle and satisfying than pure melody. He ensured that every detail was perfectly balanced, with the result that even the slightest alteration upsets the work.

Listening to the passages ripple by so rapidly, it is clear that Brailowsky, having mastered the extreme technical difficulties of Chopin's music, was exploring the emotional depths.

Chopin once compared a piece of music with a string of pearls threaded together to make a necklace. A pianist who merely overcomes the technical difficulties will be left rather foolishly with many separate pearls. But the pianist who, having mastered those difficulties and keeps the thread of the composition as a whole, will be left with the complete necklace.

Alexander Brailowsky's performances of Liszt, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Weber, have been widely acclaimed, but it is as an interpreter of Chopin that those who have heard these records will remember him.

Martin Carthy is at his best in the folk club circuit; his performances seem to fit exactly their friendly intimate atmosphere. **Sweet Wivelsfield** (Deram SML 1111) is his latest solo album. It contains traditional songs drawn from many, many sources. He presents them with complete integrity, and a straightforward, down-to-earth approach.

His guitar accompaniment is unusual, but perfectly suited to his vocal style, and to these songs.

In the past, Martin Carthy has been involved with the Albion Country Band, Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span, but on this solo recording he has captured the essence of this type of music more successfully than ever before.

The brilliant German pianist, Wilhelm Kempff, has recorded a specially priced two-record set of Beethoven's last piano sonatas **Ludwig van Beethoven: 4 Piano Sonatas Op. 106 'Hammerklavier', Op. 109, Op. 110, Op. 111** (Deutsche Grammophon Privilege 2726 033). Joachim Kaiser says of Kempff's playing that he is a 'decadent' rather than a 'thunderer'. His touch certainly combines grace, self-assurance, and sensitivity, his phrasing is intelligent and his playing is alert and supple. He enjoys interpretive freedom and has a wonderful feeling for relations and harmonies.

Beethoven was completely deaf by the time he wrote the 'Hammerklavier' sonata, he had lost touch with the world of actual sound and given himself up wholly to the world of the spirit. The *Adagio Sustenuto* is unequalled in the whole range of piano music, it contains an immense area in which the imagination is free to roam untrammelled. The finale is, in fact, the longest fugue ever written.

Beethoven was conducting celestial astronomy in his own way. He demonstrates the movements of the planets in their courses: retrograde motion, inversion, augmentation – at the same time reaching the frontier of atonality.

Kempff has found in the seemingly classical and reserved Beethoven, qualities of mystery and magic.

QUEST

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING

Our laboratory of human response gives an invaluable insight into the workings of female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading. Don't miss out on a subject that might appeal to you. A choice of past surveys is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

Vol. 7 Nos. 4 Enclosed girls 43p; 5 Sheltered girls 43p; 6 Girls with older men 43p; 7 Girls with Instant Urge part one 43p; 8 Girls with Instant Urge part two 43p; 9 Absolute bastards part one 43p; 10 Absolute bastards part two 45p; 11 Daytime mistresses 45p; 12 Girls who tease too much 68p; Vol. 8 Nos. 2 Girls and their first climax 45p; 3 Girls who give signals 45p; 4 Girls who trigger off secret desires 45p; 5 Girls with extrasensitive genitals 45p; 6 Sex before speaking 45p; 7 Mothers and daughters sharing sex secrets 45p; 8 Films that get girls going 45p; 9 Girls who have sex out of spite 45p; 10 Girls in motor cars 47p; 11 Sex in the sky 47p; 12 Girls on trains 68p; Vol. 9 Nos. 1 Sex substitutes 47p; 2 Voyeuristic girls 47p; 3 Female fantasies 47p; 4 Best friends' wives 47p; 5 Aunts and nephews 57p; 6 Uncles and nieces 57p; 7 Stepfathers and daughters 57p; 8 Long promised affairs 57p; 9 New sex styles 67p; 10 One night stands 67p; 11 Girls and mystery men 67p; 12 The lure of notoriety 67p; Vol. 10 Nos. 1 Girls who are sexier than they think 67p; 2 The appeal of knickers 67p; 3 Sexy phone calls 67p.

For details of further Mayfair back numbers see page 61

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every now and again just to keep me in my place! I was even a bit naughty when I was at school. I went to the Notre Dame High School in Sheffield until I was 16. I was quite brainy actually, six O-levels would you believe? And not in daft subjects like needlework either. I got passes in the tough stuff like English Literature and French which really pleased my family, especially my Dad. He was a shop steward at Laycock Engineering in Sheffield and was very proud when I did so well in exams. When I left school, I got a job as an Assistant Librarian in the Sheffield Central Lending Library, but I didn't seem exactly cut out for that kind of work as I paid more attention to

'You don't regret marrying me, do you, Charles?'

'Of course not!'

'My God – it's my husband!'

'Please hurry!'

ARTHUR REID

'Quick. Out the back door.'

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

At last, I have found it. The ultimate romantic evening spot. The one where you do not get blasted on the floor by ear-shattering music, and where the patron still has an eye on the place at 2.30 am.

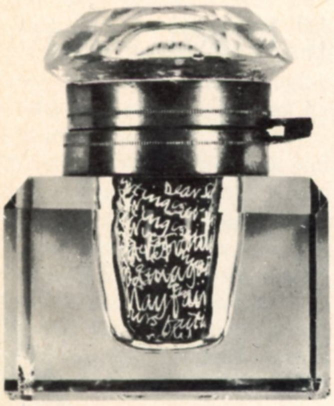
In fact, Mario Lappon comes from Rome, and understands what romance is all about: from the moment you enter his highly-polished brass door until the moment you leave the hay cart table and clamber down onto the dance floor to make your way home.

The **Stable Restaurant,** 123 Cromwell Road, Kensington, London S.W.7 (Tel: 01–370 1203/2558), takes a lot of explaining. It is a cross between an English country lodge, a Spanish shooting box and a Mexican hacienda. Entering, you go down a few stairs in the outside area of one of those large Cromwell Road houses, and pass a steel grille behind which lie those centuries-old bottles of red wine, covered with layers of ancient Cromwell Road dust.

The little entrance hall at the foot of the stairs opens onto a large and long low room, decorated with antlers and wrought iron work, set off against white plaster walls. The theme is stable right down to the leather gaiter (an original buckled horseshoe), for your red wine bottle on the table. But primarily, the *Stable* has an atmosphere of romance, and this is created and maintained by the musical entertainment. Two minute bands alternate throughout the evening, and finally combine together for a grand finale. Up until 10.30 pm, the music has zest and body, but subtly changes to soft rhythms as the lighting dims. One moment, a pair of guitarists from Paraguay play low key melodies and the next your coloured singer-cum-pianist and his partner play their bossa novas. Of course, you have to pay for all these facilities. An average bill for two would be in the neighbourhood of £6 to £7 per head, with the wine-list offering several bottles of wine at £3·50 per bottle and an average price of £4 per bottle, which can make it quite an expensive watering-place for your filly. However, there is a carafe at £2·50 which is adequate. The average price of a main course would be between £2 and £3, and French and Italian delicacies vie for the place of honour on the menu. When you get to know Mario Lappon well, he will produce certain specialities for you – these are not on the menu in view of the complexity of the dishes – but Mario likes to please his regular clients, and justify the gastronomic awards which are framed and prominently displayed on his walls.

To say that a stable can be well decorated may be a contradiction of terms, but with lace red tablecloths, red linen and red candles, the decor is intimate and one that grows on you. Another intimate eating place, but with a definite French flavour, is **Jasper's Bun in the Oven,** 11 Kew Green, Richmond, Surrey (Tel: 01–940 3987) – a delightful restaurant in a pretty little Georgian house. The service is both civilised and attentive. *Jasper's* customers tend to be regulars and professional people: a well known Tory M.P. here, an equally recognisable television face there. *Jasper's* does make the point that because it is French it need not be expensive. In the years it has been open it has gained a thoroughly deserved good reputation for its steak and fish. No French restaurant would be worthy of its name without liberal use of sauces and spices and *Jasper's* does not let one down in this respect: there is the Poulet Isabelle in a fresh cream sauce with truffles and whisky, rice and peppers, or a Steak Tournedos Dijon, glazed with mustard and brown sugar. To start I should try either their Crespaline or Scotch Salmon Paté. The wines are all extremely complementary both in body and price. They are well set out and described and there are many under £2, French bottled. Try the house wine. This comes in a bottle and is not poured out in one of those questionable stone beakers of dubious origin.

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I note with delight that you sometimes print funnies from the Press. With this in mind I enclose a handbook issued by British Rail's Accident Prevention Service to us recently, and hope that the passages concerned raise a laugh with other readers. 'The right tool should be used for the job . . . Tools should, as far as practicable be kept dry and in particular, every precaution should be taken to prevent water reaching the interior of the tool.' And to end up on, 'All tools should be cleaned regularly and those in constant use should be given special attention . . . Grinders should run at controlled speed.' Oh, before I close, I think I should point out that it's not the latest sex manual, but a masterful bundle of information called 'Safe Use of Powered Hand Tools.'
C.R. Winfield, Manchester

So THAT'S what you meant by going out for a bit!

I am in the merchant navy, where one's sex life is limited if you are not a homosexual. A group of us sailors went ashore one evening while we were anchored off Singapore for repairs. We went round several of the well-known bars where we all met suitable partners for a night of Oriental pleasure. The girl I was with was about 20 years old and Chinese. She could speak very little English but I had not hired her for a conversation.

We adjourned to a small hotel and she took me up to a small air-conditioned room. I stripped off and she followed suit but only let me see her breasts while she put on a sari. We got onto the bed where she proved very adept with her mouth. I got her sari off and licked her pussy. After this I got on top of her and entered with my penis. She was extremely tight and as I am no donkey I was rather surprised. I was in considerable pain while screwing but as I hadn't been ashore for a considerable time, I didn't mind all that much.

After I came I rested and she kissed me all over my body. We made love once more, but she was still very tight, though quite wet. When we had finished, we had a shower, after which we dressed. My penis was sore and painful and there was some blood on it. Later, back on my ship, I thoroughly examined my penis and the foreskin appeared to be cut. The captain arranged for me to go ashore to see the doctor the next day and he told me I had torn my foreskin. He gave me some tablets and to my great relief assured me that I didn't have V.D. I considered myself rather lucky, though, to have only come away with a scar.
L.A. Milne, County Durham

I have always slightly suspected the letters appearing in *Mayfair*, but my doubts were expelled by an experience I had a few weeks ago. While reading the local newspaper I noticed an advertisement for a quality Hi-Fi system at £25. Thinking that I was onto a bargain, I telephoned the number quoted, and to my surprise was answered by a woman. Anyway, I arranged to collect the Hi-Fi next day. I arrived at the appointed time and found that the address was a flat. The door was answered by an attractive brunette who was about 20 years old. I went into the sitting room to inspect the Hi-Fi and she left me alone. Imagine my surprise when about two minutes later she appeared at the door wearing a pair of black frilly knickers, a suspender belt and sheer black stockings. I remained rooted

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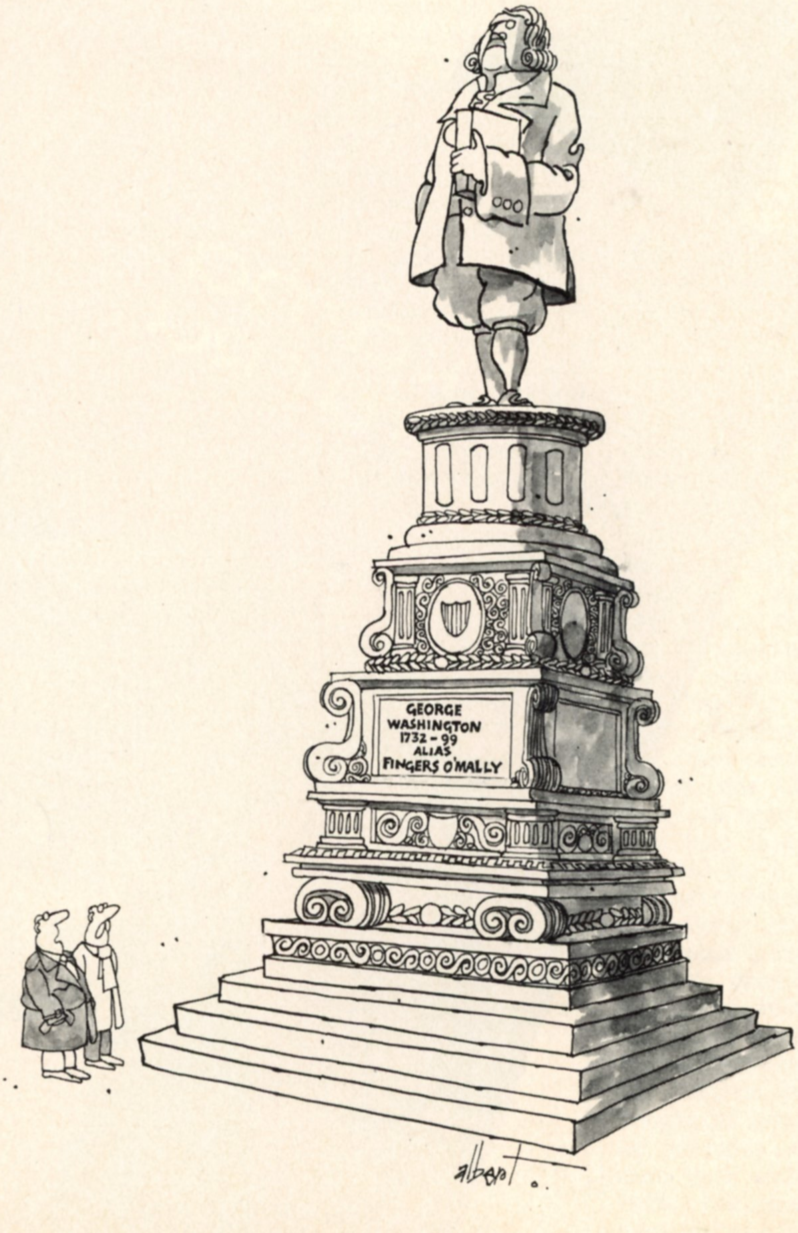
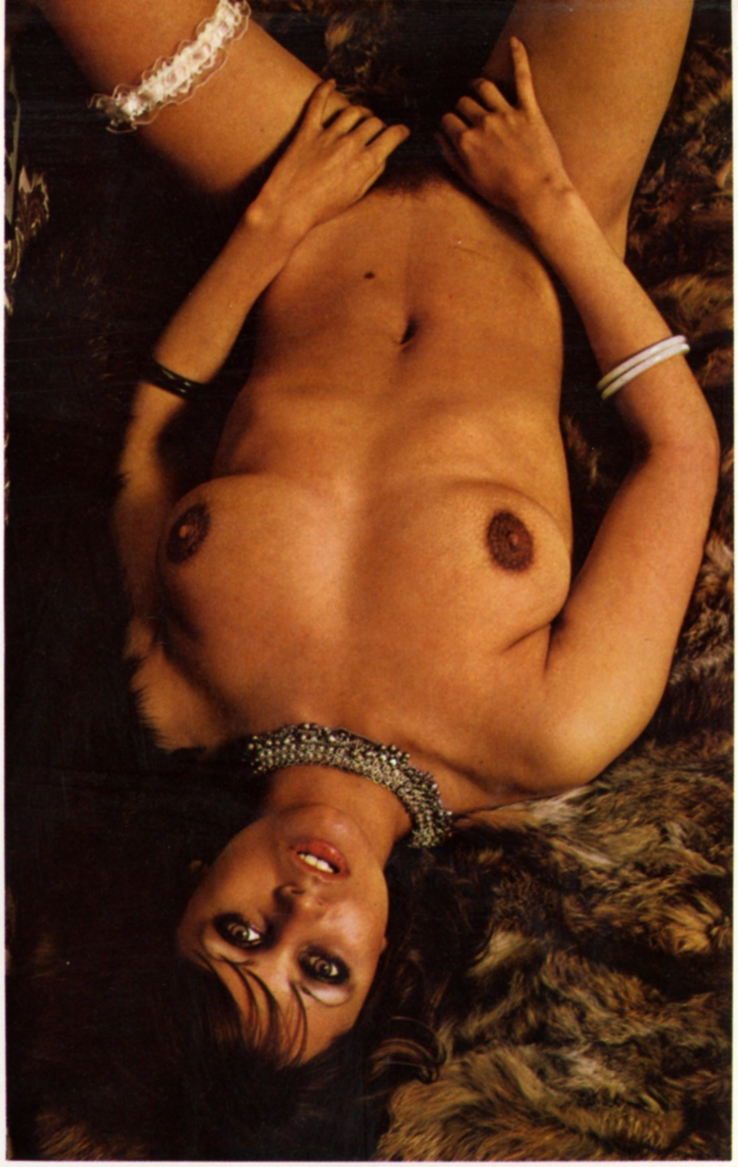


'What's one little fib?'

the men than the books they were taking out!' With a 5 feet 6 inch, 34–24–34 figure topped by chestnut hair and cool, grey-green eyes waiting to stamp their books, Sheffield's male populace can easily be forgiven for becoming overnight bookworms. 'It *was* fun,' admits Geraldine. 'You see my sexual development started early: I was very young when I lost my virginity. Sexually, I'll try anything once, but on the other hand I'm very much a one-man girl. Sure I'll flirt with other men at parties, but there's usually someone special to be with when the party's over. I like sex dreamy and romantic, you know, four-poster beds and things like that. They're nice!



LETTERS

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to the spot as she came towards me. Then I saw that on the vital area of her knickers was written 'take me'. Who was I to argue?

For the next 20 minutes we made the most passionate love I have ever experienced. It proves that it pays to chase a bargain!

(Name and address withheld)

You've featured stories about people being fortunate enough to have experienced sex on trains before. I'm Nigerian, but often travel to Britain and back. On one occasion I boarded a train from St. Pancras, but as I stepped aboard, there were a number of college girls in the corridor. Two of these young ladies pushed against me and I felt my zip being pulled down and a hand going inside, taking out my penis. I thought to myself 'What's this?' But two or three of them started talking to me, covering the others in front of me. One girl took my penis into her mouth. Needless to say I soon came. The girls then said 'How was that for a blow job?' and asked me to go into a toilet. I obliged and five of them came in after me and sat me down on the seat. They all pulled their knickers down and asked me to suck them. I kissed their tits; kissed them all over. Eventually one said that she wanted a proper job: 'I want to ride your face and feel your big lips,' she said. I again did as she wished while the other girls watched and each, in turn, played with me. They all really loved me, as they said they'd never been done like it before.

On pulling into the station all the girls ran off, but one woman noticed us emerging from the loo and gave me a dirty look.

Later in the week I met this same woman in London. She recognised me and said: 'I think I met you on the train.' I said she did and we got chatting. She invited me back to her place for coffee so I accepted. On arriving at her lovely house, I was flabbergasted for her to say 'would you like me to suck you?' I said I sure would.

She performed very well, but then stopped and asked me to do the same to her: she said that although she was married her husband wouldn't perform oral sex for her. We both very much enjoyed that interlude, but she later said I'd have to go – her husband would soon be home.

I must admit that all these girls were white, yet they all told me the same story – that their boyfriends or husbands wouldn't do it for them.

Why is this so?

E.C., Lagos, Nigeria

Six of you in a toilet on a British Railways train . . . you'd be better off writing to the Guinness Book of Records, *Mr. C.*

LASSALVY
RR

A year or so ago you published a letter of mine which set out what I called a 'Bird-Attracting Ploy'. Having attracted said bird, I thought readers might now be interested in some of the aids I used to get the bird (a) to my bedroom and (b) into the proper state of mind once she's there.

Of course there are some girls (long may they thrive) who need no such subtle, or even not so subtle, encouragements as I give below and if the reader is lucky enough to know such a liberated girl, congratulations and you can move to the following letter now.

If, however, you're like me and mostly meet girls who look as though they *might* come up trumps, given the proper atmosphere and encouragement, then here goes. Suppose you've invited the bird back to your place for coffee. Your aim is to . . . well, let's say it's the same as mine. The very fact that the girl has agreed, means that she's interested in you and provided you don't try to take her blouse off with her coat, you're in with a fighting chance. The secret of success is to manoeuvre her into the desired situation by a number of small steps, each of which is apparently innocuous, but add up to a DEVIOUS PLAN.

First step is to get her into the bedroom. The 'come up and see my etchings' routine, is a little old hat, unless well disguised. 'Come up and listen to my Beatles albums,' does not qualify for well disguised. Explain that the heating isn't working in the living room and that she can either have the coffee in the kitchen, if she doesn't mind the mice, or the bedroom. If she still chooses the kitchen, drink up fast, because it's the only bit of hot stuff you'll be getting that night.

The bedroom should be clean and tidy – no smelly socks or dirty Y-fronts in the corner. Ideally, the bed should be right in front of the fire. Once

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she's safely perched on the bed, the full range of extras comes into play. Music of her choice, if possible. Next the tricky lights out bit – a critical point and easily mis-handled. A dash to the switch with a 'don't you think it's nicer in the dark?' is an instant turn-off. My method is as follows: I have an adult toy consisting of two magnets which rotate around separate metal columns and as they pass each other, are attracted. Set them off spinning separately and eventually they will end up together after many preliminary advances. In front of this is a candle and while the magnets spin, the candle is lit 'in order to see the interesting shadow on the wall.' Unfortunately, the light is on and the effect ruined and with a casual 'you'll see it better with the light off' the deed is done. Now play it cool. By now she's got the idea. Always keep a few bottles of rosé ready for such moments. 'Do try some if you like – it's quite nice,' is the approach to use: it's usually successful.

Now is the time for a more intimate advance and once again the secret is take your time. Give her little nibbles on the neck at first, then suck her earlobes and then kiss her gently on the mouth. Keep your hands on her bare arms, neck or shoulders. By now the bird should be just about tearing your shirt off in anticipation. From here on, advice is superflous. One afterthought. Always slip in, earlier in the evening 'would you like to make love later in the evening?' If she wouldn't, or doesn't yet know and responds accordingly, laugh and act as nothing had happened – let her think about it. If she says 'I might' or 'absolutely,' then you're in, and have saved yourself a hell of a lot of pissing about.

R.G. Lynch, West Byfleet

Congratulations on your excellent magazine and in particular to Vol. 9 No. 11 for the splendidly photographed and photogenic driving instructress, Paula Marvin. It would be interesting to know, taking into account her obvious charms, the percentage of passes her pupils, both male and female, have at their driving tests. The young lady says that one male pupil was so distracted by her looks that he drove into a traffic bollard. It would seem, therefore, that as for passing a driving test, women have the advantage.

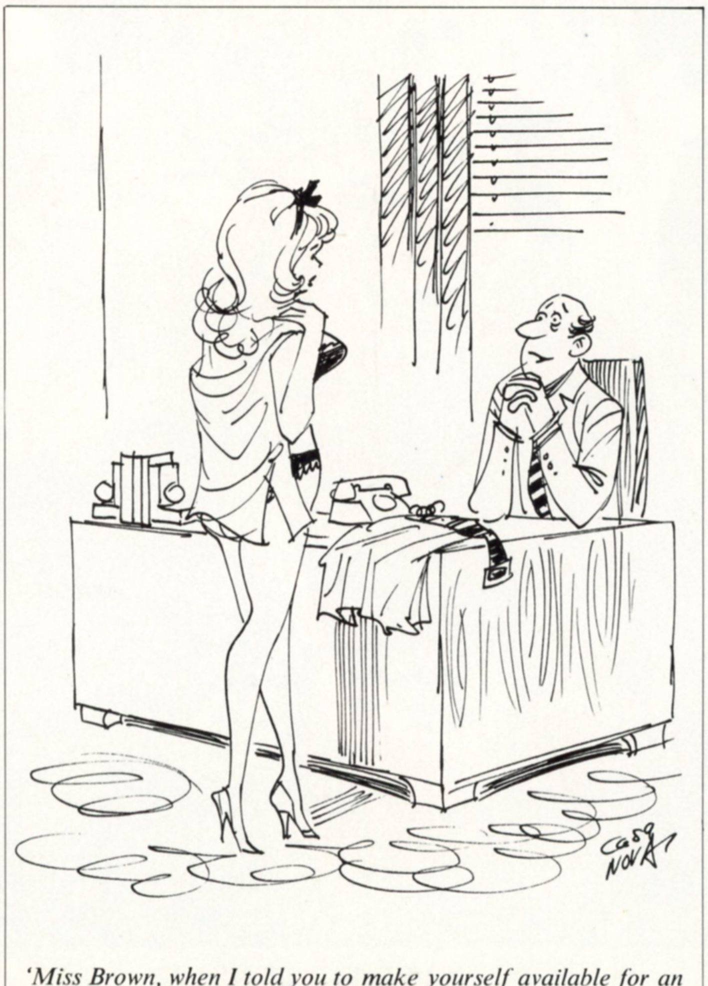
K. Marshall, Norfolk

I'm a student in my second year at college and I've just got to tell you how much my fellow students and I enjoy your magazine – the back issues really do help ward off between exam boredom. There's a lot of sex talk among students and most of it's true. And that leads me to tell you about an experience I had last year during spring term when I was just settling into college. I was enjoying a quiet smoke and a cup of coffee in our small but cosy common room when one of my female lecturers came in and said she wished to have a tutorial with me (albeit on a piece of work I'd handed in the previous week). I reluctantly accompanied her along the corridor to her room. She closed the door behind me and drew up a seat alongside me at her desk. I was looking over my work on the desk when her knee brushed mine, quite deliberately I suspect. She smiled and the next thing I knew I was kissing her. We stood up; her arms encircled my waist. Then she locked the door and closed the curtains (even though we were on the fourth floor). I embraced her again and she slid her tongue into my mouth. Then I pulled her sweater up to her breasts and began fondling them under her bra. She pulled her sweater off and undid her skirt and stepped out of it. I'd just managed to remove my jeans when she pulled me to the floor. I pressed on top of her and panting she put her hands down the back of my underpants and began fondling my buttocks. I was really moving now and pulled her tights and panties down – she arched her back to assist. I just about tore my underpants off and then pushed home. Within seconds she was gasping as she came wave after wave and I had an orgasm, too.

A quarter of an hour later I was back in the common room and she was off to another floor to give a lecture.

Since, we haven't even kissed and she treats me as she would any other student. I haven't told anyone about the affair but I suspect I wasn't the only student to come off with top marks in extra-curricula studies.

(*Name and address withheld*)



'Miss Brown, when I told you to make yourself available for an interview, I only meant you come and answer some questions.'

A schoolmaster must be prepared to meet modern youth at least half-way, but surely not as far as I did when taking a telephone call recently.

'Is that the local knocking shop?' asked a voice that I thought I recognised as belonging to a former pupil of mine. 'I think not,' I replied. 'Can I get a good screw?' continued the voice unabashed. 'That very much depends on the sort of screw you have in mind,' I answered deadpan, 'do you require, steel, brass, countersunk, roundhead or black japanned?' The giggles from an obviously crowded telephone box led me to think that the end result was one up for me, I fancy!

D.P.V., Marlow, Bucks.

Or as a lad was heard to ask his teacher in the middle of an astronomy lesson, 'Please sir, what colour is Uranus?' To which the reply swiftly came, 'Probably the same as Mars.'

I've just read Quest, Vol. 9, No. 2 in which girls tell of the effect of seeing a man naked, and I thought readers might be interested in my own experiences of a year or two back.

My friend Sal, and I, on leaving boarding school and before going to university, took jobs as chambermaids in a hotel, at which we found a number of trainee managers, who were attending a nearby course. Shortly after starting work, Sal and I went into a room with morning tea and found a man on his back, completely nude as the bed clothes had slipped from him. His penis was soft, but as it was the first we'd ever seen, we had a good look at it while he was sleeping, before we left the room. That night Sal and I were talking about it and she said that if he were like that again the next day, she was going to feel it, and see if he woke up.

The following morning she didn't get the chance – but we did a lot better. When we went into his room, he was already up and had just had a shower. We made to leave the room but he moved between us and the door and asked us to help

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DAPHNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

LETTERS

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him dry himself. We pretended to be horrified but eventually agreed. His penis was still soft and hanging down and was surrounded by a thick dark bush.

We started drying his back and it was then that things began to happen – his penis grew bigger and bigger. We watched, fascinated. He said we should dry his chest, and as Sal went around the front he put his hand on her breast and discovered she was bra-less. He undid the top buttons of her overalls and fondled her tits. Sal took his penis in her hand – big and stiff, much bigger, in fact, than we'd imagined. He continued undoing her buttons and I was amazed to find she was stark naked underneath. He then turned to me and took one of my hands and placed it on his balls and the other on his penis, next to Sal's hand. He then took my overalls off (I, too, was bra-less, but I did have on a small pair of briefs). My breasts are bigger than Sal's and he liked them more. He slipped his hand under my briefs, and we all played with each other for a time before we had to get back to work. We did this for another two mornings and then he left.

Then on another occasion, we waited one evening until we heard the bath water running in a chap's room and then went in on the excuse of turning down the bed. We went to the open bathroom door and asked him to get up so we could dry him. When he did so we gasped at the manliness before us. We both took off our clothes and got in the bath with him.

He got Sal and I to stand together facing each other so that our breasts touched. He then took Sal's hand and put it between my legs, and my hand and placed it between Sal's. Then he started moving them up and down so we were stroking each other. We continued, getting really excited, when he got a stool, placed it by our sides and stood on it. He then took hold of his huge penis and guided it so that it came between our lips. We got the message and instead of kissing each other, Sal and I each took one side of his penis, kissing it and working from the base to the top. When we came to the end Sal's and my lips met and we kissed each other. Needless then to say we didn't last long in that position – we exploded together. And thus ended our working holiday and at the end we were still virgins.

S.A., Glasgow

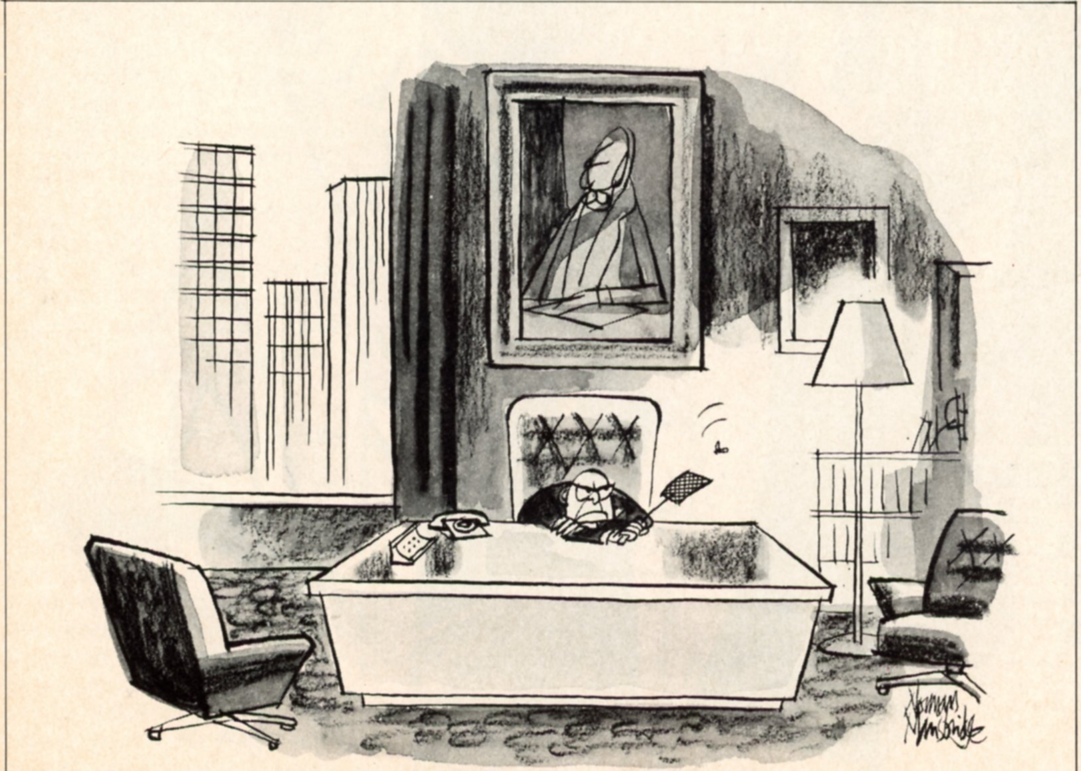
Your magazine is terrific. I bought it here in Australia for the first time recently and, fellas, all I can say is that it drops turds and wipes its bum with any of our so-called men's magazines. Jeeze, keep up the good work fellas. I really dig your sheilas, too.

M.W., Melbourne, Australia

By gad! It's good to have the cultured opinions of our antipodean friends.

As *Mayfair* played its part in bringing us together, I'm sending you this tribute to a great guy I've worked with for a couple of years. When I first started working for Pete (ever the perfect secretary, I've changed his name), I was emotionally battered by a disastrous broken marriage and not too sure of myself. From the start I could tell that he fancied me, but not wishing to spoil my boss/secretary relationship, I parried him off for almost a year. One day he offered me a couple of copies of *Mayfair*, which he read to ease the tensions and frustrations of his very demanding job. Believe me, these copies opened my eyes to what I'd been missing out on for so long. Almost immediately, Pete and I began to get to know each other very much better. Work was done at breakneck speed and sometimes I have had to stay extra hours in the office to catch up on secretarial duties having been engaged on other more pleasurable pursuits during the morning! Pete has been a sheer delight to me, even though the office may not be the best place to perform. He's enjoyed me, I've enjoyed him and we've enjoyed ourselves. We've had a great year. At first I admired his mind – then I got to know his body which is six feet tall and obviously first in the queue when assets were being handed out! Now however our affair is almost over as the office is about to be relocated, but what a lot of great memories I'll have. He's married, of course, so I won't see him again. Now I suppose that *I'll* have to start buying *Mayfair*.

Mrs C.S., Sheffield



I thought your feature on the film 'Emmanuelle' (Vol. 9 No. 11) was very good. Apparently the British censor cut a big slice out of it – just where a nude Thai dancer is going to do things with a cigarette. Needless to say that smoking's a health hazard.

This brings back to mind an experience I had while in Panama. A few cronies and I had hired a cab to take us on a tour of Panama City's nightlife, having only one night there before our ship sailed. Through the sordid ramshackle streets, past luxurious mansions, the inevitable Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment, our driver deposited us at a bar. We'd been warned about going about that city alone, as the Panamanians, so we were told, had a deep-seated hatred of Americans, and as they could-not tell the difference between American, Australian or Englishmen, they hated all English speaking white men – due in part, I believe to the fact that the American-controlled Panama Canal Zone cuts their country in two. Indeed, one Chinese couple from our boat, walking with their baby in a stroller were accosted by a Panamanian; the man embraced the Chinese man like a long lost friend. Meanwhile a Panamanian accomplice came from behind with a flick-knife and cut out the chap's back pocket and made off with his bankroll.

But I digress. In the bar, we bought our escort a beer, and he promptly departed and came back with five luscious birds – one for each of us.

Each picked a fella, went over to him, sat on his knee and rubbed her hand up and down

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The Saturday night crowd in *Dingwall's*, a new and popular discotheque in London's Camden Lock, is jumping. Throughout the long, low, smoky interior, couples are drinking and dancing to the stomping rhythm of the rock group sweating it out on the stage. Conversation is impossible, sign-language and body movement being the only means of communication. Squeezing between Levi'd, T-shirted dancers, you catch a glimpse of 24-year-old Daphne Gregg, hips swaying, fingers popping, light brown hair caught in cascading stop-go motion by the flashing of the strobe light. Thin mini-dress clings like a second skin to bare thighs stretching down to black platform boots, while her 34–23–34, breasts free, nipples erect underneath the white dress jerks convulsively to the thudding beat. As the music ends with a final shattering crescendo, a drink is offered and accepted with a grateful smile. Finding a seat is no easy task, so Daphne leans against the bar, blue eyes still sparkling with excitement and

LETTERS

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his leg. 'You like fuckie fuckie,' they said. We, naturally were interested, though perhaps lacking stamina, having just come from a passenger ship where the ratio of fellas to birds was about one to four (and we all know what happens to sheilas – yep we were Aussies – when they taste a bit of salt air).

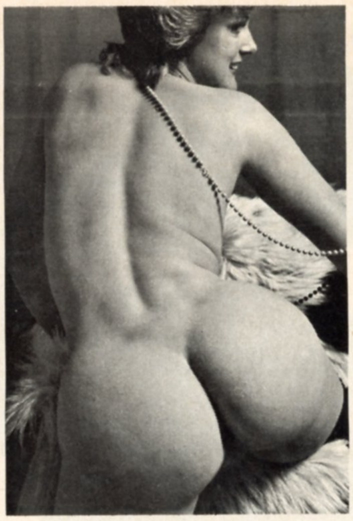
On enquiring how much, we were told that they wanted $A25 (then about £12) each – quite expensive. We declined but offered to give them $25 between us for a show. To this they agreed. They led us out the back (we were expecting to be mugged any moment) and into a terrace, just off which were what seemed like hundreds of little rooms, each with its own entrance.

In ours, was a double bed, a table, and a washbasin. One girl undressed, laid on the bed, the other shy, perhaps, hesitated, stripped and strapped on a huge dildo.

They then went through various positions. 'This Australian-style, like doggies' (no doubt they altered it to Japanese-style or whoever was being entertained). Then one lit a cigarette and sitting up on the bed, shoved it up herself and said 'Now I have smoke.' We'd never seen anything like it before – she actually 'smoked' the thing through her vagina, even blowing out the smoke.

After a minute or so, she took the cigarette from her lips and with an outstretched hand offered it to each of us to continue. I don't think I need to say that I, for one, haven't smoked since. Perhaps the government could use the cuts from 'Emmanuelle' in their anti-smoking campaign.

N.M., London SW12



Oh what a treasure! I'm talking about Vol. 10 No. 1, of course and the magnificent pictures of Kimberley Fears – Miss Solent's sexiest sister. Sisters can be different and what a difference in this particular case. I was absolutely stunned speechless by this gorgeous 18 year old, born in Exmouth, Devon, where I spent a happy holiday some years ago. Admittedly, I am a bottom fancier and Kimberley, who is obviously so proud of her bottom, sends me into a delirium. Hers is the most fantastic, perfect bottom I have ever seen. She says her boyfriends only last three weeks – three hours with such an exquisite creature would be my fantasy turned into reality. Kimberley, you're the greatest.

E.J. Rhodes, London SW11

The letter from C.B. of Herts., (Vol. 9 No. 11) is most interesting and I agree with every word. A girl wading into the sea in ordinary clothes is far more of a turn on than one in a see through shirt or mac. May I humbly add my request for some assorted illustrations – girls in slacks, jeans, skirt or dresses, with T shirts, or any other kind – to keep alive in full colour the memory of a girl who, last summer, having resisted being dunked wearing a pullover and slacks, waded into the sea up to her neck. She looked great, an absolute joy to behold.

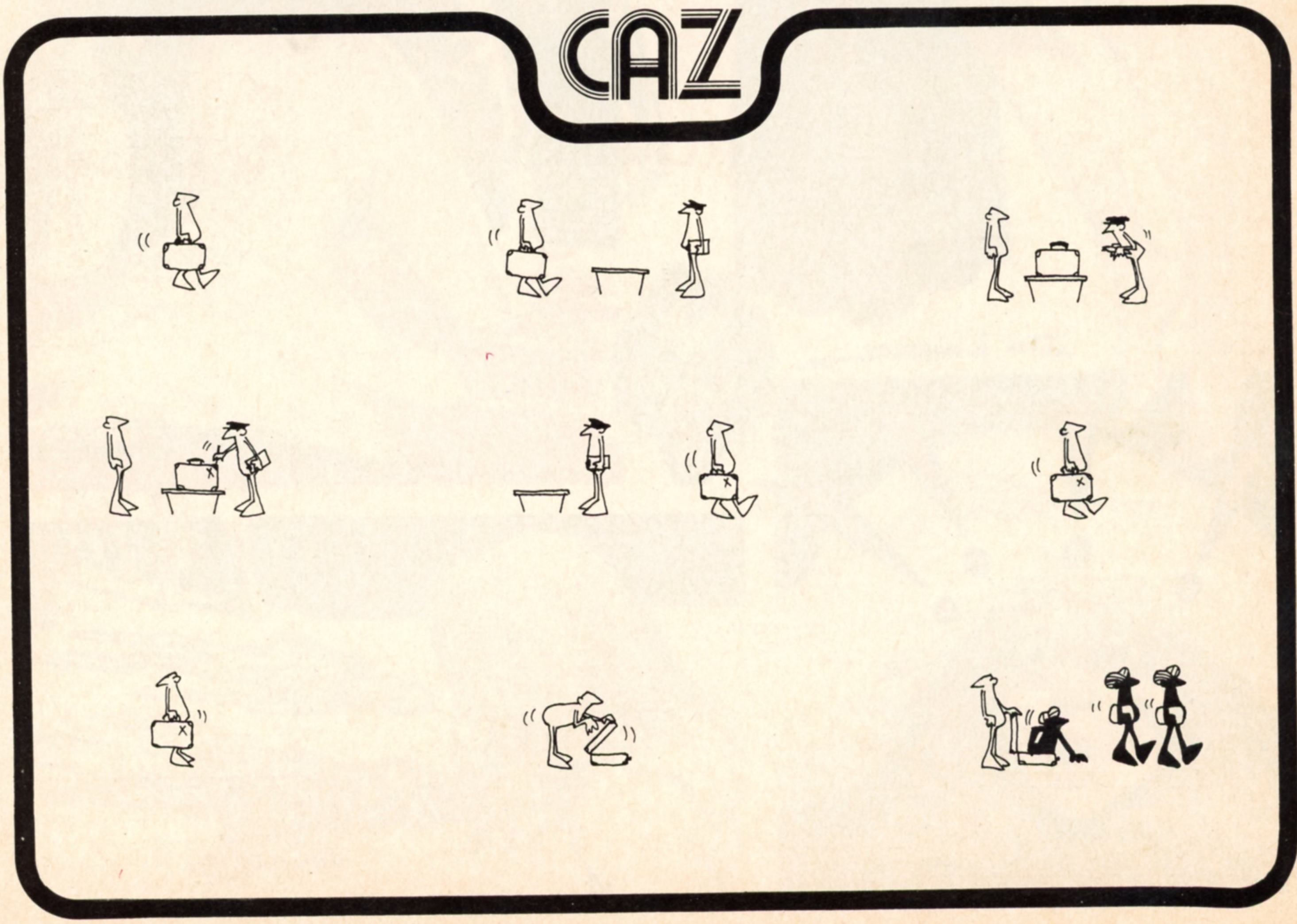
B.R., Pinner

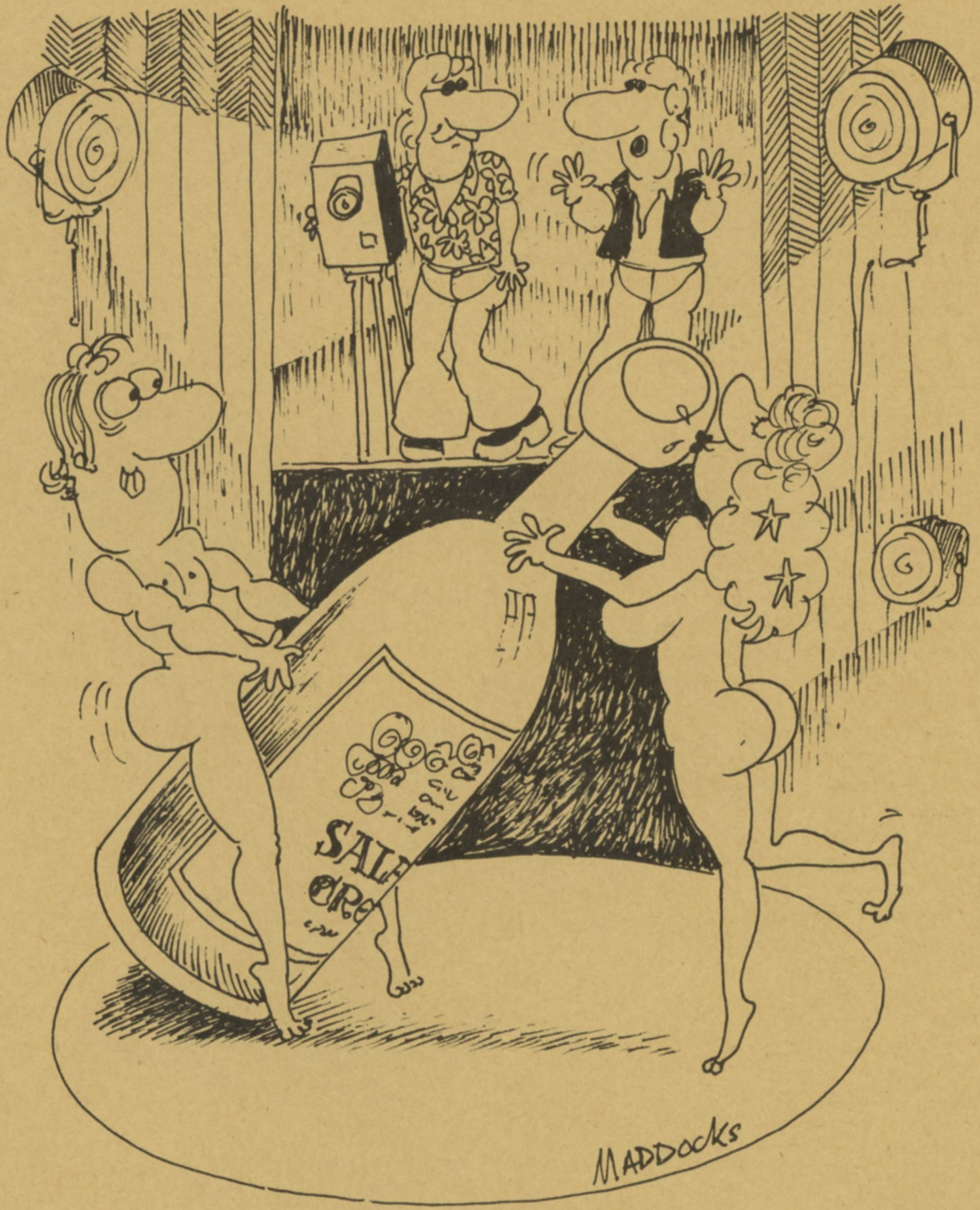
What's the difference between a policeman and a policewoman? Well, according to the Metropolitan Police it's 'basically about four inches.' This startling revelation is contained in a recruitment advertisement which appeared in the national press recently. All I've got to say is that the Metropolitan constabulary must be pretty poorly endowed.

Dave Humphries, Solihull, West Midlands

And we have it on very good authority that a policeman's truncheon is 15½ inches.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

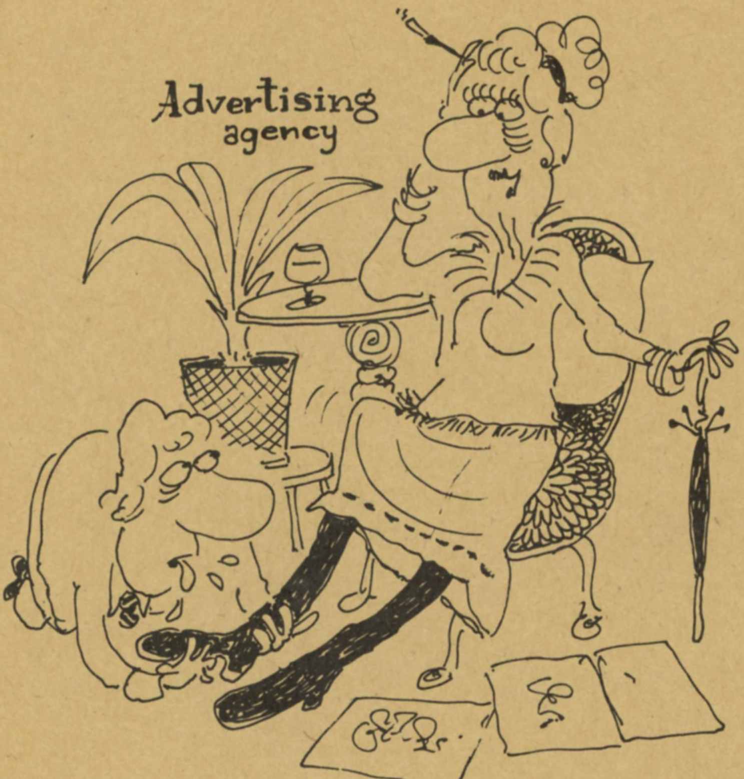




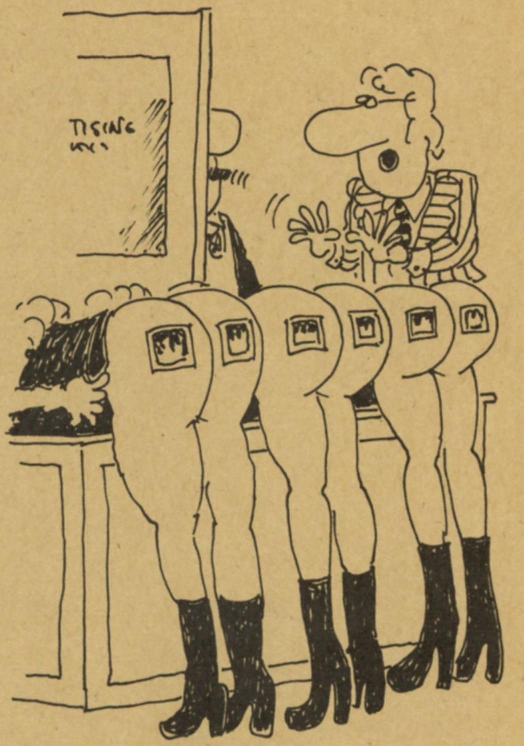
'Jeremy, sweetie, don't you think it's just a teeny bit butch for salad cream?'

AD LIB

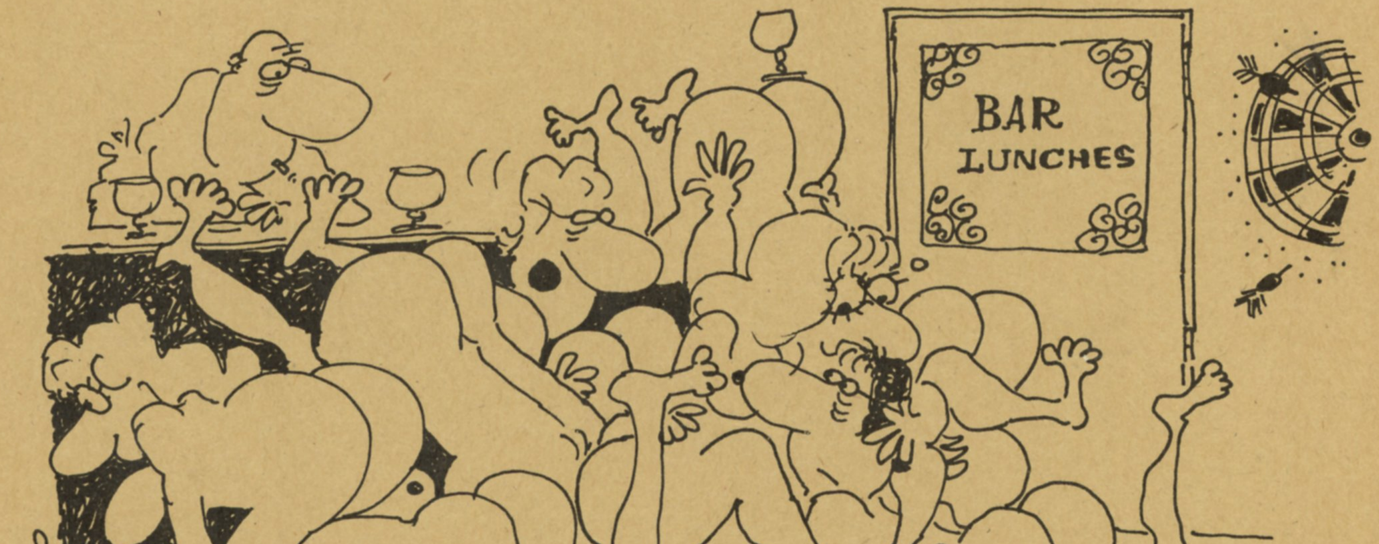
Advertising agencies compete keenly to secure new clients. Peter Maddocks speculates on how far they may go in these permissive times


Advertising agency

'Keep licking, dear, those are thigh boots!'

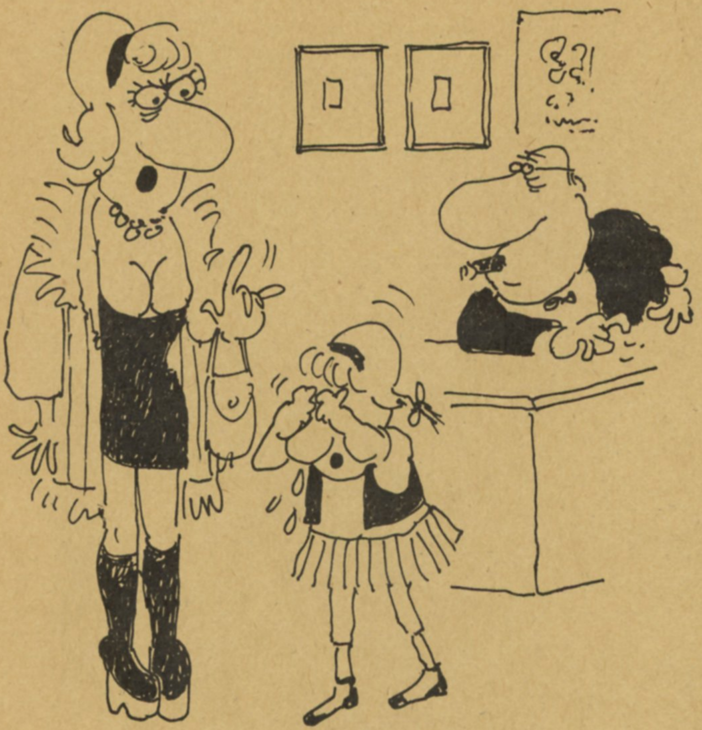


'Now I want you to take your time selecting your product design, sir. Don't rush . . .'

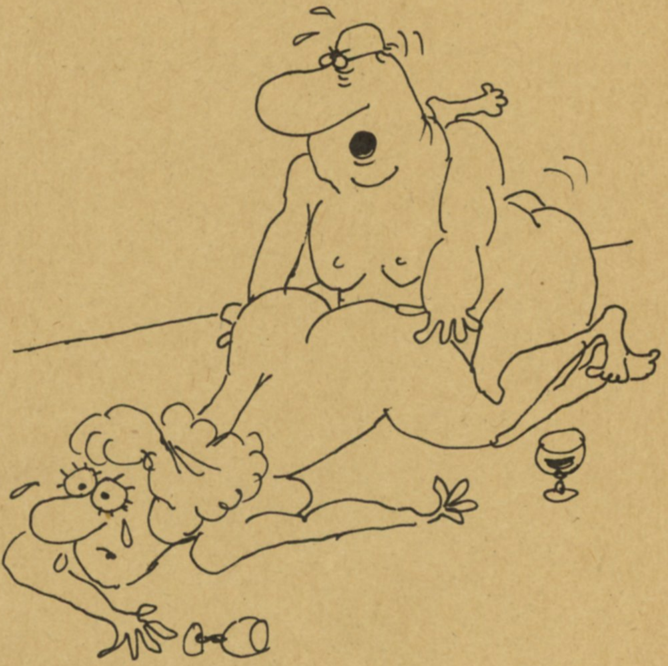

BAR LUNCHES

'But John, don't you think we've overdone this presentation just a little?'

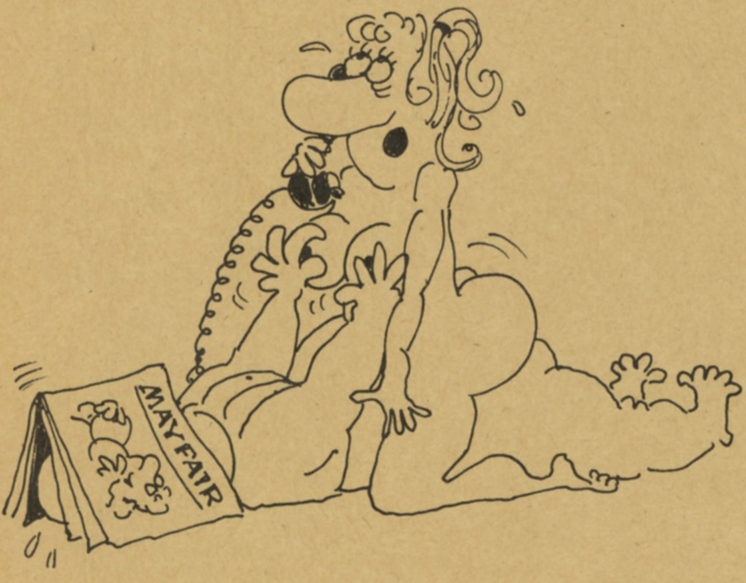
adrenalin still pumping. 'You'll have to give me a couple of minutes to calm down,' she laughs breathlessly. 'I'm in a world of my own when I'm dancing and it always takes me a while to come back down to earth when the music stops.' Half a glass of Coke disappears in one long gulp. 'That's better. Hey, isn't this a great place! I come here nearly every Saturday, it's well worth the trouble to get here from where I live in Fulham, even though it can sometimes be a bit of a problem getting back home early on a Sunday morning. I'll usually manage to grab a lift off someone, as it would be a drag being stranded with no public transport handy. My flatmate and I don't entertain that often, as the flat isn't really big enough, and nothing is worse or more off-putting for friends if they get the impression that they're not welcome. We do have men round for intimate dinners though, and when that happens, either myself or my flatmate, depending on who is the odd one out, goes off to the pub,



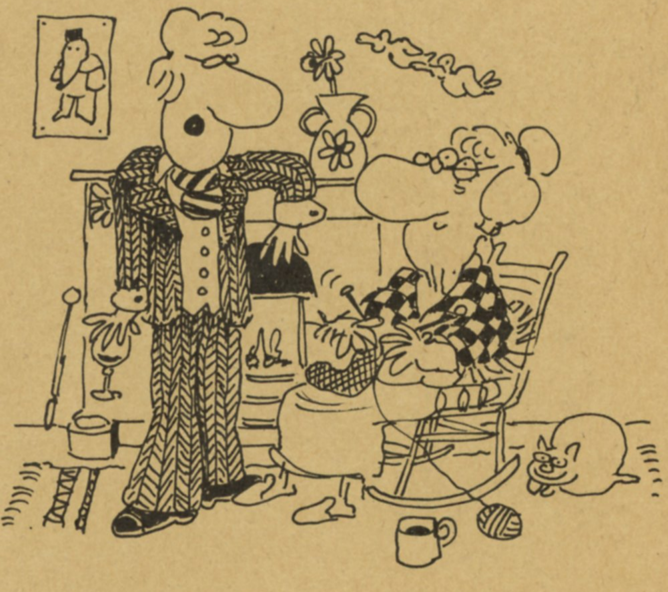
'Now cut that out. Your mother's had to work her arse off to get you this job.'



'To lose your virginity is nothing compared to losing an account . . .'



'I must ring off now darling, I'm working on a very important account.'



'But darling, a trendy agency man needs a wife like you to come home to after a trendy day at the office.'

either the *Greyhound* or the *Colton Arms* which are just round the corner from where we live in Paliser Road. If nothing else is going on, most evenings I'll just sit at home and play my guitar. I play along to people like Joan Baez and Linda Ronstadt and imagine myself as a famous singer.' Nine-to-five finds Daphne in a large West End travel agency, 'which is great as I get a big discount on holidays.' When not strumming her guitar or discreetly going off to the pub, Daphne has her own distinctive taste in men. 'Tall, slim, round-bottomed, frontal-bulged, blue-eyed, freckled, humourous red-heads. I love them.'

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

She dressed so sexily for a demure librarian. What she-wolf lurked beneath?

Fiction by Terence Mooney

They were fabulous.

Never had I seen such a pair. A white off-the-shoulders peasant blouse to enhance their allure; a black Crimplene mini skirt below.

I was surprised, perhaps slightly shocked, that librarians, even in these permissive times, were allowed to wear such dress.

I looked helpless; husky manhood among the bookworms. Women usually respond

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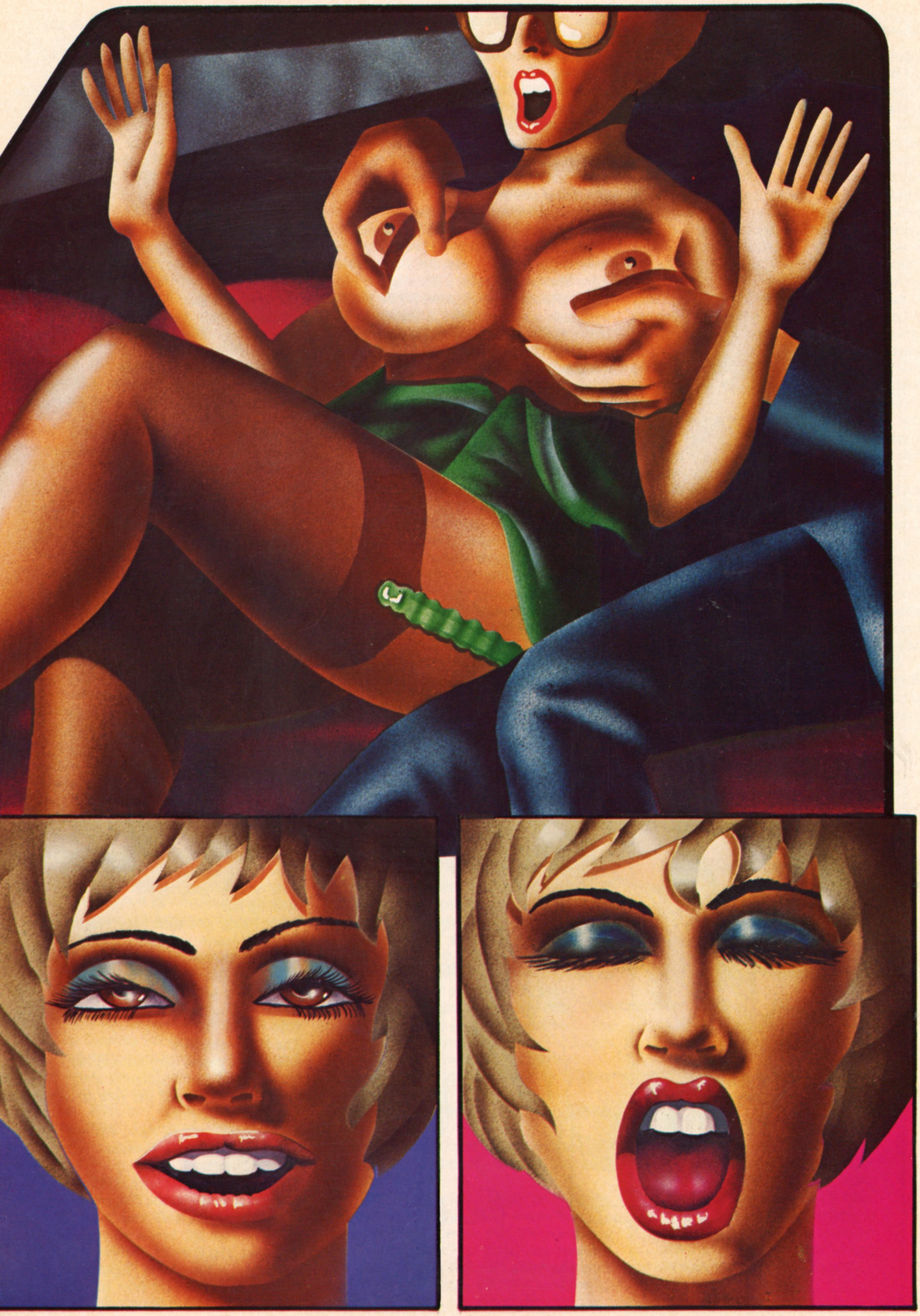
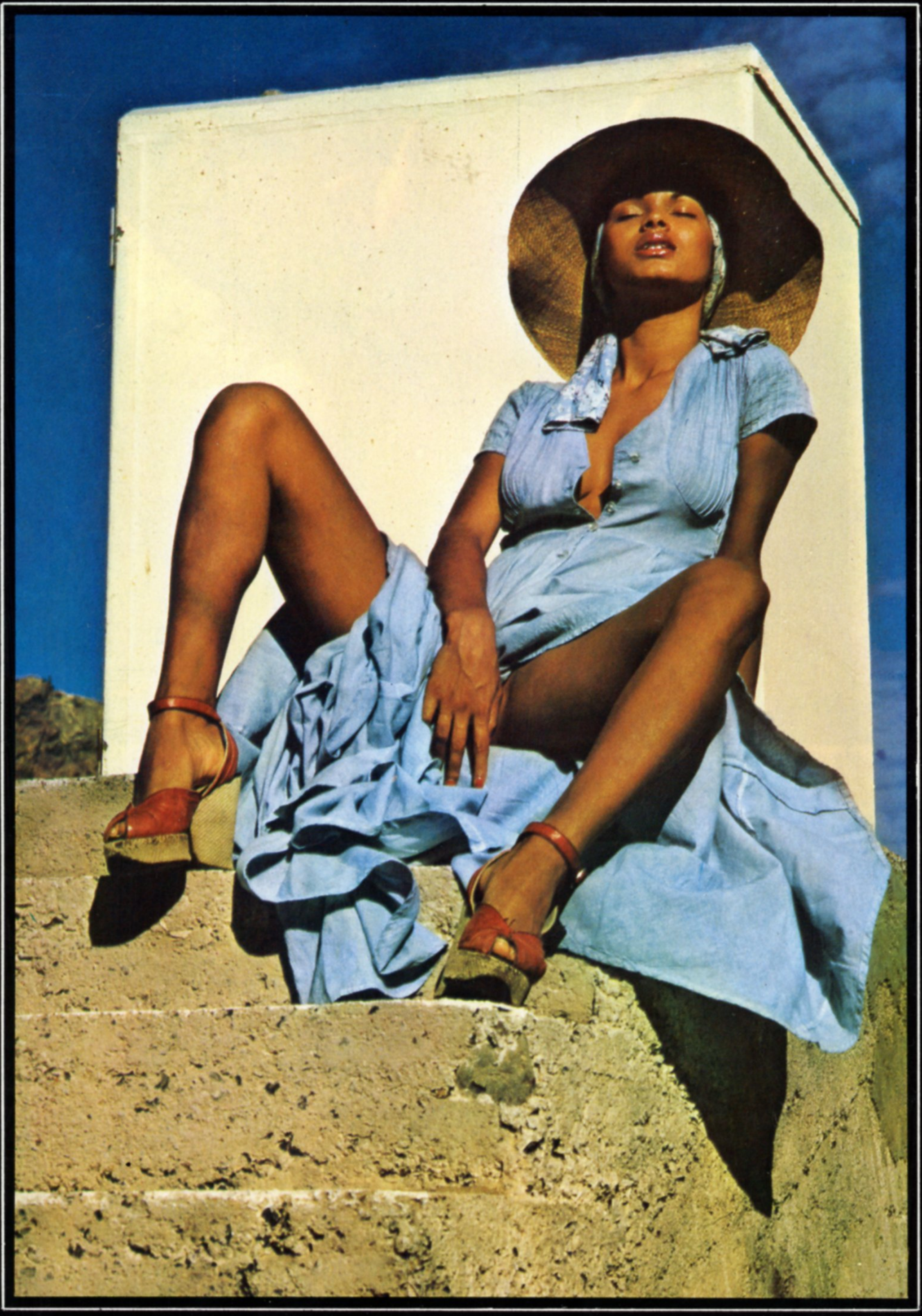
ILLUSTRATION BY WURLITZER





JUDITH

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

continued from page 8

to this 'little boy lost' act.

'Can you help me?' Flashing the all-white smile.

She blinked, a shade flustered.

In her early twenties I guessed. Ash blonde hair cut short, of that rather attractive 'dirty' colour; oval face, flawless skin; eyes hidden behind huge, ugly spectacles. A generous mouth, not much lipstick. Inexperienced, I'd say, probably a bit of a prude despite the outrageous gear.

'Yes, certainly,' she replied, recovering her poise. 'Any . . . particular subject?' A pleasant voice, without affectation. 'Biography.' Safe ground. I wondered what her reaction would have been if I'd asked for pornography.

She turned away her head, presenting me with a fleeting opportunity to slobber over those incredible breasts. So boldly thrusting. No bra. Commonplace nowadays yet, could she really be so . . . unaware?

She preceded me. Dig those cheeks! Her rounded curves rubbing tantalisingly against each other. It was exhilarating to feel the blood begin to circulate through my muscular emotions.

In the seclusion of the boxlike shelves a fragrance in the air, an elusive suggestion of rare perfume. Worth? Arpege? The woman moved closer; our bodies were almost touching. How to get her to bend over?

My eyes scanned the lowest shelf. 'Is that . . .?' I hesitated. She fell into the trap.

Bending, almost squatting, the blonde librarian peered short-sightedly at the titles down below. The low-cut bodice fell. Jesus! My eyes popped. The girl's buppies lurched nakedly. Full bouncing beauties. Indecently exposed, smooth globes just touching. I blinked, unbelieving, at a battered magenta mamilla.

The tightness in my groin stretched. I resisted an almost overwhelming temptation to grab!

The situation was incongruous. Here we were in the peace of the village library. The charming attendant in a mini nearly on her knees; her luscious breasts revealed for my delight. To say naught of gleaming shoulders and shapely nyloned legs. She looked up, blindly. Hastily I averted my eyes. She rose quickly, a book in her hand. How could she be so naïve? The girl was obviously a square. Yet . . . those provocative tits, the eye-catching blouse? Or was she one of the kinky ones? Getting her kicks prickteasing male visitors.

Women! I felt indignant. Torturing a man till he had to have it. Then the curling lip . . . 'You dirty beast!'

Wildly I thought, 'I don't care. I want this one . . . at any price!'

'Thanks. That will do fine.' Pitching deep the voice. 'I think you're very helpful, and also very . . . sweet.'

Her specs glinted, colour in her cheeks.

Facing me, less than 12 inches away, her magnificent breasts rising and falling in delicious agitation.

Quietly persistent; my Burt Reynolds scowl. 'What's your name?'

'Miss Fitz. Ma . . . Martha Fitz,' she stammered.

My God. 'That's nice,' I gushed. She moved as if to return to her desk. Unobtrusively I blocked her passage.

Giving her the full treatment now. The engaging smile; frank nature; blue eyes . . . well above the neckline. Sincerity plus. 'Martha,' gentle but firm, 'meet me tonight. A meal . . . perhaps the movies.'

She looked confused. 'Oh, I can't! Please . . . I . . . I don't know.'

Clearly she didn't get many invitations like this; out of the blue, from tall dark men, of the right age group.

'Why not, Martha?' My voice was Devon cream. 'What harm is there? A quiet, enjoyable evening together. Then, straight home, I promise.'

She took off her shades. Lustrous hazel eyes. She was uncertain, apprehensive. I coaxed her, playing on her emotions, flattering the girl. Persuasive, almost convincing myself that my intentions were honourable. Finally, a true confession, straight from the heart.

'I think you are adorable.'

She blushed pink, looked embarrassed, reluctantly accepted. A date for the cinema only.

☆ ☆ ☆

My heart sank. She had changed her dress. Scrubbed and pomaded, fresh make-up. She wore a fawn cardigan buttoned up to the neck; a neat dark skirt. Those monstrous horn-rims.

I sighed. Had she never heard the oldie about men not making passes at girls wearing glasses. Or maybe she had?

However, there could be no denying the sensuous appeal of her voluptuous curves. I tried to visualise her statuesque body in the raw, sprawled naked on a bed. I shivered as my member twitched.

She was concerned: 'Are you cold?'

I yearned into the large black frames. 'It's nothing. Something just . . . came up.'

Into the back row of the near-deserted cinema I navigated the uncomprehending girl; got her comfortably settled. Interval due any moment.

The film ended. The lights came on.

Friendly manner, inspiring confidence.

'Ice-cream, Martha?'

'No, thank you, John.' Her shy smile thrilling me.

'May I help you with your nice cardigan? It's a bit warm in here.'

She wriggled out of the cashmere. Her arms were bare. She wore a green nylon blouse. Her breasts jutted proudly.

Christ, it's a wonder she can see over the top!

The lights dimmed.

I slipped a casual arm around her shoulders; felt her body stiffen slightly. In the dark, Martha turned her face towards me in apparent surprise.

I whispered: 'It's all right, darling,' giving her arm a reassuring squeeze.

Her body relaxed.

I had a monumental horn, yet knew I must exercise control; let the film get under way. Martha's shape, soft and warm, pressed into me. Her left breast was firm against my chest. Hips, knees, calves touched. Squinting in the gloom, I peered down at nylon-clad knees. Her skirt had ridden up

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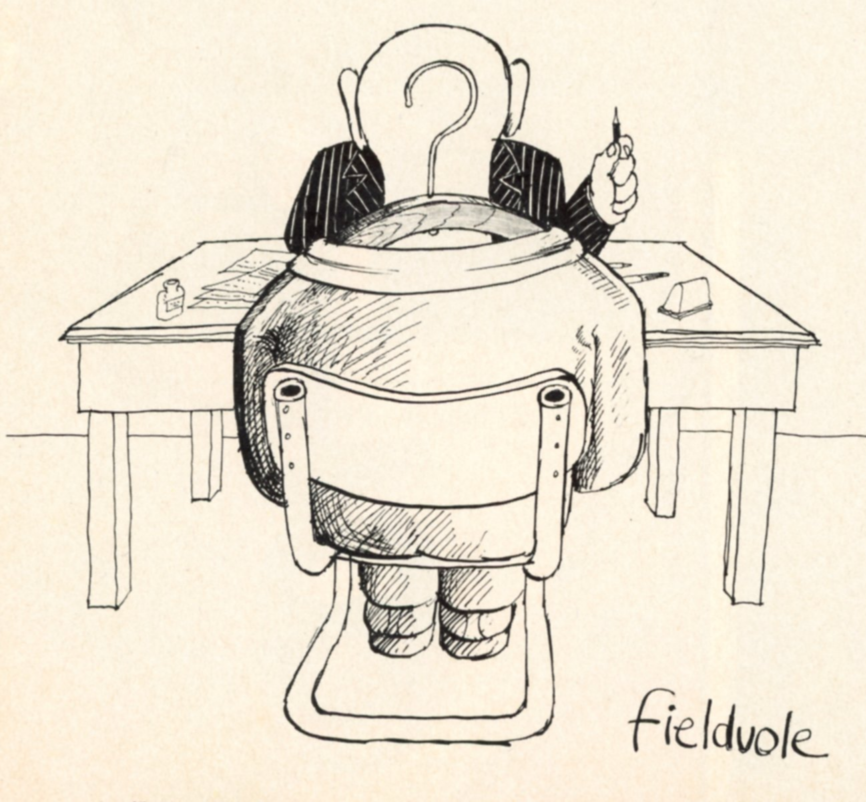

'I can just about bear the pain in my shoulders, Doc, but the tingling sensation at the back of my head is killing me.'

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

continued from page 10

her thighs. Her breath was sweet at my earhole.

Stealthily, I slid a hand under her armpit, touched the underside of warm flesh. Boobs like Martha's needed no support.

The woman was startled. 'Please! Mr. Conway!' she gasped.

'John!' The specs flashed. I removed my hand . . . three inches.

'I'm sorry, Martha,' humbly I apologised. 'I . . . couldn't help it. You are so lovely.'

She blushed; mollified. Her thighs moved against mine, crucifying me. I groaned inwardly. Again my fingers whispered over nylon crispness. I felt the lush breast under my hand. Stroked it.

Her breathing quickened. She hesitated, she sighed, she relaxed.

Victory!

'Oh, Martha! I love you.' I murmured ardently. Then her lips were under mine, soft and yielding. She was tremulous, eyes big with fright behind the spectacles. 'I adore you, darling.'

I choked and kissed her again. Her mouth was wet, half-open, orange lipstick holding as she pulled away. Carefully I weighed her tits.

'John! Please!'

Gloating, I nevertheless showed a serious face. Pretending hurt. 'Why not?' I complained. 'Why shouldn't I kiss you, caress you? I love you.'

'Please! Don't be absurd. You hardly know me.'

'I think you are wonderful.' Passionately now I kissed the ripe lips, felt Martha responding to my ardour, her breathing growing ragged.

Furtively I undid a button, two buttons. Slid fingers in, cupped her nude breast. She fairly jumped. 'No! Please! You mustn't!'

I hefted the peach. Smooth skin, warm and heavy. I squeezed forefinger and thumb pad tentatively on the big nipple.

'What tits!' I exulted. 'What luscious tits!'

Martha turned pale cheeks; she looked alarmed. Her fingers clasped my arm. Beneath the thin cover of her blouse I was holding the naked buppies. With no intention of relinquishing the prize.

'Please, John!' she pleaded, near to tears, 'remove your hand.'

Gently I kissed her mouth; she attempted to twist away.

'It's all right, darling.' Trying to calm the agitated girl. Goddammit! I thought in exasperation. Anyone'd think I was raping her. 'Darling, I just want to hold you.' Soothing, brown-syrupy voice. 'I promise that's all.'

The scent of her body enchanted me. I pushed my face into hers, kissed her lips with fervour. Her glasses slid off her nose. She trembled. I felt her bare breast lasciviously.

'Please!' Feebly she protested now. Martha's cheeks were crimson. Her starry eyes closed as I kissed her again. pressing my suit. I removed my hand, took her spectacles, placed them in my pocket, slipped hand swiftly back under her blouse. She made no protest. The glamorous Miss Fitz, eyes wide and melting, lay hapless and panting in my embrace.

'I love you,' I groaned, lips greedy on her mouth. She shivered as I undid more buttons. Her superb breasts lolled nude and pornographic in the dim light.

Fortunately for my evil designs, the back row of the old village cinema was up against the wall and none could oversee. She gave a deep sigh, snuggled into me. I was having myself a ball. I bent my head, kissed tenderly the prominent teats. Long and battered. How do these grab you, mate!

Martha offered up parted lips, eyes shining. She gulped under my kiss, making a half-hearted attempt to stop my tongue. Now her eager response, the demure maid near to swooning, her thighs spasming convulsively.

Before she could anticipate the next move my hand had dropped to her exposed knees, moved up slinky nylon, touched bare skin. I squinted down. Christ! She was wearing sheer, midnight-blue stockings with a satin suspender-belt, the straps looking emerald green in the dim light.

The blonde head jolted; she tore her lips away.

'Please! John! Don't!' She was distressed, pressing her limbs tightly together. Modesty's instinctive response.

'Darling, it's all right!' My fingers moved up smooth, warm nude flesh, urgently seeking. 'I wouldn't hurt you for the whole world.'

My cock jerked in delirium, spending with sex-kicks.

'Holy Cow!' I screamed softly. 'She's got no pants on!'

Then my groping fingers met the flimsy muslin G-string triangle. Her only protection. God! Martha certainly indulged her yen for exotic undies. I was totally unprepared for such showgirl scanties. Had the girl been expecting me to feel her?

I prised her thighs apart. Gently; firmly.

'Oh, No! John! Please don't! How dare you!' She sounded panic-stricken. Ignoring her protests, I stroked her spot through the tiny vee of moist cotton fabric, moulding tenderly the soft, yielding lips.

Heavy breathing.

Deftly my fingers slipped under the filmy strip of G-string, tickled crisp pubic hair; my forefinger sliding easily into a dainty quim. The blonde dolly gasped 'Oh,' but offered no resistance. She was very wet down there.

Tears filled her eyes. Abashed, acknowledging defeat, she lay back weeping.

I was most solicitous.

'Darling, I love you . . . worship you.' As if that excused everything.

I caressed her, kissed quavering lips, groping the girl carefully. Gradually she began to respond. Half-undressed, the poor innocent sprawled in her seat, gasping and trembling in orgasm.

At the mercy of an unscrupulous man.

At last she whispered: 'Please, take me home.'

'Yes, darling.'

As our lips met in parting kiss, I played my

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TIO PEPE
THE other sherry

TIO PEPE
GONZALEZ, BYASS
JEREZ
CABALLERO SHERRY
LA CONCHA SHERRY
ROMANO CREAM SHERRY
BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
SEDOSO
SAN DOMINGO
TRY CHILLED

by GONZALEZ BYASS

Judith Jane curls slim sandalled legs in a favourite cane chair, flashing us accidental – or perhaps not so accidental – inches of pale blue panties, and smiles with lazy charm. 'I'm a floating kind of person,' she says, her voice silky and rich. 'I can feel at home anywhere. As long as I get on with the people, I don't mind. I settle one day. I'm gone the next. Like gossamer. Spidery, you see.' Never completely still, she stretches her lithe dancer's body: five feet eight inches, 35–23–35. The electric rasp of long inches of pantihose. We see. Cabaret dancer, model, actress on Swedish cinema commercials, 22-year-old Judith brought an international flavour to our offices when she called in en route to a work assignment in Cumberland. 'I'm looking forward to it,' she told us. 'I made many friends there when I was last in this country. They are so warm and friendly. They don't care who you are, or what you do. Not like city people. If

they like you, they like you and that's that. It's how it should be, surely?' Egalitarianism suits Judith's mental and emotional outlook. 'My ideal man is one who's at the top of his field, who's decided what he wants to do and be, and achieved it. And I don't care what that is. I've known very rich men, and once I loved very much a young man who was a street musician, a busker. He did not have a big house in the country or lots of money, but he was doing just what he wanted.' No dent in such a doctrinaire view of sex? A slow-lashed smile, laughter trickles out: 'I like hard round bottoms. Firm but not bony. A man must be fit, he mustn't run out of puff.' Laughter gathers into waves. 'No, I am serious. It is much easier to talk about sex when I'm in Sweden. It's not that they're more daring, it's simply accepted. I think in England you're still worried by Queen Victoria.' If anyone can unfreeze the English it's Miss Judith Jane.

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

continued from page 35

ace-in-the-hole. Pressing down gently on her arm so that, accidentally, her hand was forced into contact with my bulging fly. Convulsively her fingers closed on the clothed cock-pyramid. Her shapely body jerked in shock. A low moan. 'John!'

Aware now of my towering desire.

She fled to the toilet.

I waited in the foyer. 'Darling.' Effusive. Attentive. Swearing eternal love as I escorted her home. Begging forgiveness for my disgusting behaviour.

Martha blushed. 'It's . . . all right.'

A chaste kiss. 'Goodnight, my darling.'

Dancing home in the moonlight. Flushed with excitement. Judas Priest! What a prospect!

☆ ☆ ☆

Play it cunning.

My landlady was away all day Sunday. When Martha hesitated over the invitation to tea, I lied, pretending Mrs. Smith would be somewhere in the house.

Womanlike, Martha looked around with interest. Apparently she approved of my choice. Indeed, the warm intimacy of the pleasant living-room offered a cosy haven, for outside the day was wet and cold. At least, my firm weren't mean over accommodation.

She was staring now with lovely cheeks reddening, at the bedroom door. I could almost read her thoughts.

Miss Fitz was dressed in a lemon woollen dress. She looked ravishing. I took her handbag.

'Sit down, darling. I'll get you a drink.'

'Thank you, John.'

On the settee. A cheerful fire, adding domesticity to the scene. I began making love to my angel. Patiently. Stilling her doubts, overcoming her instinctive protests with tender mastery. Soon, she was breathing hard, the snogging getting passionate. Amorously I kissed the proferred lips, whispered: 'Darling heart. Take your dress off.'

She was shocked.

'John! Oh, No! I couldn't!'

I sighed. Here we go again. Round the goddam mulberry bush. I helped the nervous wench to her feet, embraced her lovingly, kissing away the scary look.

'It'll be all right, my beloved. I promise.'

The flustered girl stood all confused.

Playing it cool, I calmly raised the hem of the yellow dress, up over her breasts, to her ash curls.

'Mustn't disturb your hair, darling,' I murmured considerately. I backed off, her dress in my hand.

Ye Gods! What a vision of pulchritude.

'Oh, my love!' My eyes bright with licentiousness.

Martha was blushing furiously, eyelashes fluttering down in hot embarrassment; crossing trembling hands over her crotch. Talk about Swedish porn-pix!

Long limbs clad in see through flesh-coloured nylons held taut by black, crimped suspender-straps up her glistening thighs, to move suggestively under transparent French knickers. Christ! I breathed hard. French knickers! Not the scene nowadays perhaps yet . . . was there ever a more sexy invitation? My eyes widened at the blonde fuzz of pubic hair, the thatch clearly visible through the paper-thin material.

Flat and firm her stomach gleamed like golden satin. A bare navel winked slyly up at me. Swooning eyes, up to the challenge of her breasts, two bursting mounds pleading for release from tiny quarter-cups. A tease of black lace bra that exposed far more than it concealed.

I glared at the Junoesque figure of Martha Fitz: felt my prick positively arching.

'Martha! What are you doing to me? How desirable you look.'

She flushed rose-colour.

I fell on to my knees before such beauty. 'I could eat you!' Kissing her legs. My hands moved upwards, clasped her black thighs. Up . . . to the waistband elastic. Before she could object I was pulling down her Frenchies, the nylon or whatever crackling electrics over those devastating buttocks.

I gasped in ecstasy. The cool glossy feel of her flesh.

Closing her thighs involuntarily, the bespectacled blonde lovely stammered: 'Oh, No! John! No! John, No!'

I was gaping at her gorgeous place inches from my mouth, the thick virile growth on the bold venus mount, dainty Michelin-tyre lips peeping shyly through the undergrowth.

I licked dry lips, pushing head forward then . . . stopped! Not yet! Spoil everything.

I rose, took the shrinking woman in my arms.

'My adorable one,' my voice sounded thick, 'my jewel in the lotus.' I rabbited on, vowing everlasting love, cuddling, caressing the timid girl. I unhooked her bra at the back, pulling it gently off her tits, the lace clinging randily to one stiff nipple.

'Oh, Darling.' Our bodies collided. Martha quivered in my arms. Locked in fierce embrace I guided her awkwardly through the bedroom door, to the edge of the double bed.

She sobbed, her eyes piteous with fright. 'No! John! I beg you!'

On fire with a raging lust, I felt no shame. No appeal could reach me now. A standing prick knows no conscience and, Judas Wept, did I have a horn on!

Deaf to the fair maiden's frantic entreaties I pushed her back on the bed. Martha lay prostrate. I forced her sumptuous thighs apart. The girl raised her head, saw me standing there. Her eyes widened in horror and disbelief . . . probably at the size of it!

'Oh, God!' She cried helplessly and fell back on the eiderdown. For one ghastly moment I thought she'd fainted, then breathed with relief to see the blonde head turn sideways in revulsion. Martha was too nice, too decent a girl not to avert her gaze from actually witnessing the triumphant entry of the gladiator into the arena of love.

The nubile dolly-bird lay supine, her knees apart, her heels digging into the carpet.

Che Sara Sara. The ultimate resignation.

I gazed down in slavering desire on the soft, sacrificial body. At the fabulous boobs lolling nudely on her diaphragm; on the pouting coral lips.

'Fuckinarsole!' I husked reverently, moving in slowly, strongly, bridging the gap.

Martha's body jerked. 'Oh, please God! No!' she gasped. Panting in the bedroom only. For long, ecstatic, penetrating minutes. Then, to my astonishment, the girl's hips began to respond urgently to my thrustings. I wept with relief to feel the lovely limbs relax. Her breasts were swelling,

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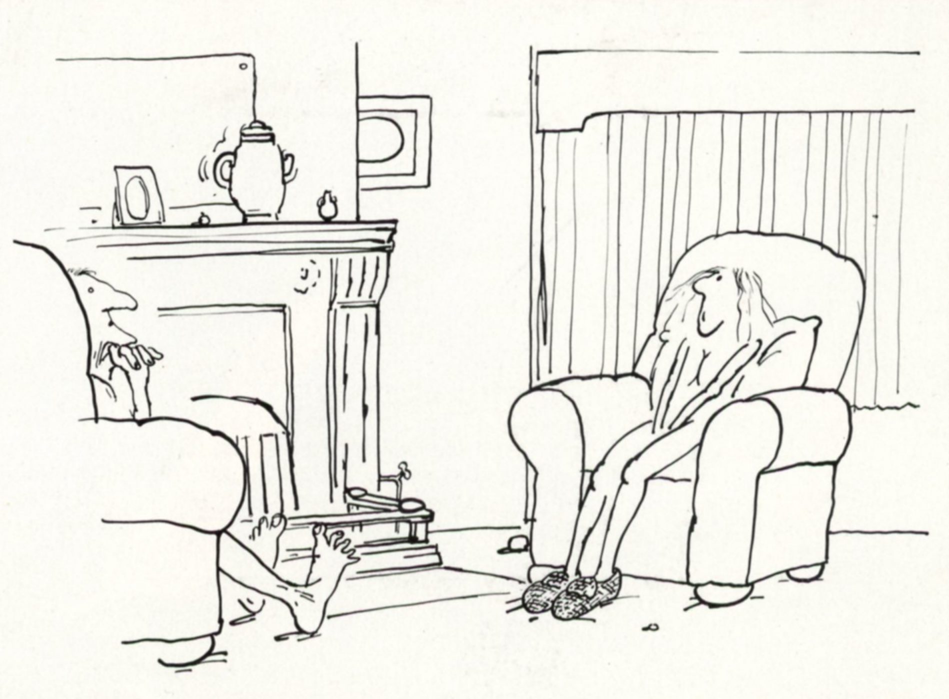

'For heaven's sake, why don't we start – just the two of us? If the others haven't arrived yet, they won't be coming at all.'

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

continued from page 99

teats erectile before my very eyes. A tiny pulse leaping in her throat.

'Darling!' I gritted, ramming the soft groin savagely. The fair head moved, our eyes met. She whispered.

'Sweetheart . . . my suspenders?' Miss Fitz's cheeks were scarlet. My heart sang as I reached to undo her garter-clasps . . . to allow her arse complete freedom of movement. She blushed again.

On the bed her buttocks began to move, sliding on the covers. Hotly demanding. The core of my being gripped firmly all around.

Putting it crudely, Martha Fitz fits me like a glove.

* * *

It was heaven.

The girl was a born romantic. Of consuming excellence, she was unspoiled, unsophisticated; an extrovert child of nature exploding on my scene like a rocket.

Totally infatuated with the comely nymph I made little effort to amend her life style. I changed her spectacles; bought her expensive cosmetics; blush-making Italian undies. All she really desired was . . . my manhood.

My loins were strong and the damsel was a dedicated novice gaining experience as, together, we threaded a tortuous path through the labyrinth of Kama's Holy Writ.

Martha was eager to learn everything she could about fornication in the shortest possible time. Her arms were rubber bands around my neck, unyielding as the tentacles of an octopus. Her buppies were more substantial than puffin downlettes. Between her delectable thighs lay paradise, the inviting, ever-ready jaws of her sex.

Daily the lass grew bolder, embarrassing me with her demands. I wondered at her perfect balance in strange positions. Diffidently she confessed to being, in her spare time, a contortionist. On the amateur stage. Occasionally I'd find my darling's innocent face blinking up at me from between her knees, her torso arched expectantly in obscene posture. She certainly made it easier for me to go down on her . . .

Nevertheless . . .

Each day she became more skilful; she suggested bizarre variations in our lovemaking. She was not interested in the psychological significance of sexual aberrations.

She concentrated entirely on the physical aspect. Be it over the balustrade, on one leg up against the door or even corkscrewing through an up-and-under over the kitchen table. I would groan in ecstasy to feel the energetic blonde goddess, absorbed in her exciting new hobby, extracting from my footwear the bootlaces. She was a young female animal of enormous vigour. A lady phallus-happy and honest withal. A picture of glowing health, she appeared to grow taller in stature, dwarfing me with her Byzantine splendour.

In my bedroom she'd expostulate: 'Oh, John! Do *try*!' Making my toes curl like Turkish scimitars with her kinky innovations. Despite her scandalous behaviour I was hopelessly in love with the beguiling creature. Perfectly willing to let her walk all over me.

However.

No mere male could for long withstand such all-out . . . or all-in . . . assaults. In prurient mood the attractive librarian would have taxed the stamina of a rogue elephant.

The enormity of my sin gradually dawned. I had awakened a slumbering tigress and I couldn't get out of the cage. As my passion waned my strength was drained away, every bone in my body ached.

I became a nervous wreck.

* * *

It was a gloriously sunny afternoon.

On the grassy knoll of the headland overlooking the Bay. Martha removed her spectacles. I looked up apprehensively, recognising the signs.

She was beautifully made-up. Lilac eyeshadow, a soupçon of brown eyebrow pencil, brown-mascara'd eyelashes.

She turned her back, said casually. 'Unzip me, dearest.'

'Not here! Martha, it's a public place!'

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LONG SIZE
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JOHN PLAYER
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KING SIZE
Filter Virginia
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29½p* Long Size
36½p* King Size
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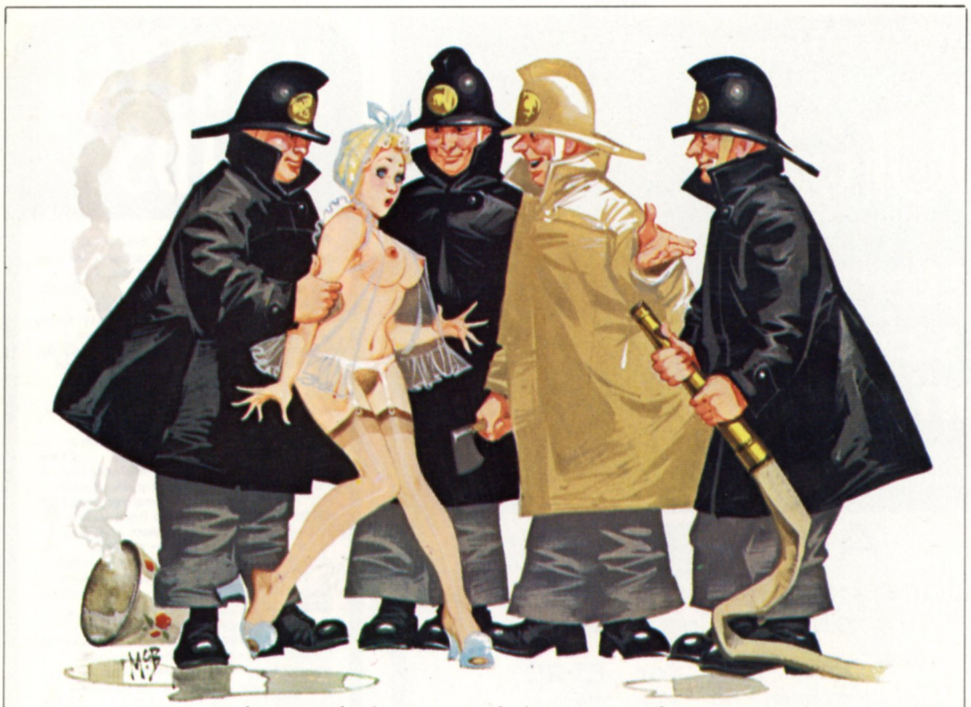
*Premium and Long-Size:
As defined in H.M. Government Tables
published in September 1974.
LOW T
EVERY PACKET CARRIES

LOUISE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LENNART OSBECK



'. . . otherwise the boys won't feel it was worth coming out.'

Unhurriedly she looked around.

'Nonsense,' she smiled. 'There is no one about. In any case,' she added airily, 'we can see for miles.'

I unzipped her. She stood up; her dress slipped away. Clad in degenerate crotchless panties of openwork lace and no bra at all, the statuesque female descended on me.

In the hot summer sun it was kissing time.

'Sweetheart,' she encouraged, 'take your trousers off.'

I yelped. 'No! Martha! Please!' Struggling to free myself. It was no use. She was undoing my flies.

'Stand up,' she said. 'It's easier.'

I begged. 'Please! Martha! Don't do it.' She smiled blandly. 'Stand up, dear.' It was an order.

Wearily I arose. Did as she instructed. I stood before her in the sunshine. Inspection by the Commanding Officer. I knew I cut a sorry figure. A soft breeze wafted mischievously up my shirt indecently exposing my genitals. The words of an old song drifted through my mind . . . 'standin' there with her arse all bare, that's my gal, Salome . . .' I looked ridiculous, my penis barely able to lift off the enervated testes. Despairingly I looked around. No fuzz in sight. To arrest me, take me to gaol. Anything to escape this . . . blonde vampire.

I glanced hopefully at the cliff top. Could I make it? Chuck myself off? Too far.

'Bollocks,' I grieved aloud, Surrendering. I just didn't care any more.

Martha, obsessed in lechery, ignored my rude ejaculation. Her chin dropped. She flushed, said in a small voice. 'You're not . . . very enthusiastic . . . are you?'

I flopped on to the grass. 'I'm sorry, Martha.' Weakly. 'I'm . . . I'm bushed.' I stretched out by her side.

She began to fondle me. She looked peeved. 'You swear you love me . . . yet . . .?' her voice tailed off reproachfully.

'Jesus! Get me outa this!'

'Pardon?' said Martha, absent-mindedly. Getting over her sulks, she was hefting my scrotum, thoughtful now . . . assessing perhaps how many times . . .?

Too tired to be angry, I thought resentfully

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MIDDLE TAR
King-Size: The tar yield of this brand is being decreased to Low to Middle Tar. Manufacturer's estimate, October 1974, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.
GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

The crowd emerging from Twickenham after the recent England v France rugby international had spilled out into the road, effectively blocking all traffic. Louise Atterby, not having her progress impeded by cheerful fans, swore softly and delicately guided her car in and out of the scarved and rosetted throng. The car, a magnificently preserved 1932 bottle green-and-black Austin 7, responded with a will and it wasn't that long before the irresistible combination of stunning girl in astonishing car proved too much for the rugby crowd who stood back in respectful appreciation to give the pair free passage. Louise smiled and then glared scornfully at a mere Mini also trying, but with less success, to worm its way through. 'Being conspicuous does have its advantages at times,' she remarked, grinning at

The turning-on of Miss Fitz

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of the unfairness of it all. Why was it the male always got the sticky end? The law pounced gleefully enough on the man for rape, for 'unlawful sexual intercourse' . . . whatever the hell that was! What about the real culprits? The women? How come they always got away with it?

I stared at the blonde head, at the fair Miss Fitz intent on her pleasure. Suddenly I felt ashamed. Of what I'd done. Had I not corrupted this woman, aroused her carnal appetite? I was the guilty one, not she. Now my cup of sensual enjoyment was done; there was naught but poison in the dregs.

She squeezed. I winced.

'What's the matter?' she murmured anxiously. I felt raw, bruised, battered. Yet only weeks ago, skin to skin contact with this female had set my senses aflame.

'You're killing me,' I whimpered.

'Don't be coarse,' said Martha coldly.

I sought relief, a merciful respite. 'Darling, I *do* love you. I'm not being vulgar but . . . well . . .' I blurted it out desperately. 'I'm not a prize stallion!'

She flushed. 'How can you be so . . . disgusting.'

'I'm sorry. But it's true.'

Her face yearned, she offered parted lips. 'Kiss me.'

Love-whispers, eyes liquid malt. Her arms went around my neck, the magnificent curves steam-rollered me into good Mother Earth.

Gasping, eyes rolling, my head jerked wildly from side to side, seeking escape. There was none.

'God!' I was half-strangled in her embrace. 'Women! They torment you. What bloody frauds! They con you with their modest blushes and shy manners . . . and all the time half the goddam regiment's up their kilts! They pricktease you into such a state you've gotta have it, then heap contempt on you . . . as if you're something the dog's thrown up! Bitches!'

Murmuring soft endearments the glorious Martha now raised her shapely body in all its seductive, film star appeal. Naked except for the saffron briefs.

She climbed aboard. The gash in the ridiculous panties stretched sensationally, exposing her most private parts. That's what crotchless knickers are all about. She leaned forward, breasts dangling like juicy bladders. Guiding her love.

It was an incredible scene. A public performance on the cliff top, in the open air. We needed only the banners.

'Roll up! Roll up! It's a free show. Do your own thing!' I shivered. Judas Iscariot! She blushed, whispered coyly. 'Oh! You naughty boy!'

I sobbed. 'Lord! Please help me!'

☆ ☆ ☆

Exhausted, I lay by her side.

My thoughts were futile. 'They really hate us, don't they? Gloat as they rob us of our manhood . . . their revenge for penis lack, I suppose. Bloodsuckin' leeches.' I felt as if I'd been dragged backwards through a mangle and then mauled by a grisly bear.

'Hello, dearest.' She was smiling winsomely. She hoisted herself onto one elbow. Looked fondly down. Shyly she said, all a'blushing.

'John, when are we getting married?'

It was a cruel kick in the balls. Utterly unexpected. My mind reeled. I was truly alarmed now. I glanced again to the cliff edge. Could I make it?

'Wh . . . What?' I stammered, thinking crazily. 'I'm trapped. Christ! How do I get out of this one?' My mind recoiling in horror at the idea of being tied for life to this man-eating female.

Unbelieving, I felt Martha's busy fingers start preparing me for another snack.

'What on earth are you doing?' I cried. Another roll in the hay . . . five minutes grace . . . she *must* be joking! She smiled enigmatically; her eyes were glazed and blank.

'It's all right, darling,' she said, reassuringly. 'You'll be keen as mustard in a moment.'

Oh, my God! No!

Driven to extremity, I roused myself. Indignantly I pushed her away, stumbled to my feet. I started to run, staggeringly, up the slight incline, completely oblivious to her cries.

Arriving at the cliff edge, without hesitation I carried straight on over . . . into space.

A few feet below the top jutted a wide, grassy shelf.

Only slight winded, I lay there gasping as Martha clambered down. She leaned over, her face red.

'You silly boy,' she scolded. 'You might have hurt yourself.' She was annoyed yet relieved. 'Now, please don't ever do that again.'

I was in complete despair. The woman smothered me in kisses. John Conway . . . Casanova . . . now so ineffectual he couldn't break his own bloody neck! Unprotesting I lay, resigned to my fate. My well-proportioned, dominating mistress mounted me. Even now, with the spirit broken, I could still admire her voluptuous swinging tits.

'Ride him, cowgirl!' I choked. Stimulating her to mortify me on the alter of lust.

Ruefully, I thought back to the time when I had laid plans for her seduction. The cinema, the visit to the flat. What a laugh! Talk about hoist with his own petard.

'Attagirl! Hors de combat!' I giggled stupidly.

Indulging me, a smile played about her lips.

Faintly, from two hundred feet below, came the ominous sound of the surf pounding on the rocks.

Up on the wide, mossy ledge, nothing distracted the looming figure above me. To the tune of a whimper and the unheeding cries of the wheeling birds, the rounded hips of the blonde Aphrodite moved mercilessly up and down.

Beauty devouring the Beast.

Next month in Mayfair

WARM DAYS ARE COMING

May is a month of warm sun and soft breezes; a month in which to relax and savour the promise of Summer. So relax with us in the company of seven of the most delicious, desirable, delectable dollies we have ever featured. They're all just that bit special, so don't miss them. Meet them, next month in *Mayfair*.

Weapon that altered the world.

Military rockets changed the face of warfare. We examine William Congreve's invention.

Motor Scene: Birds and bikes.

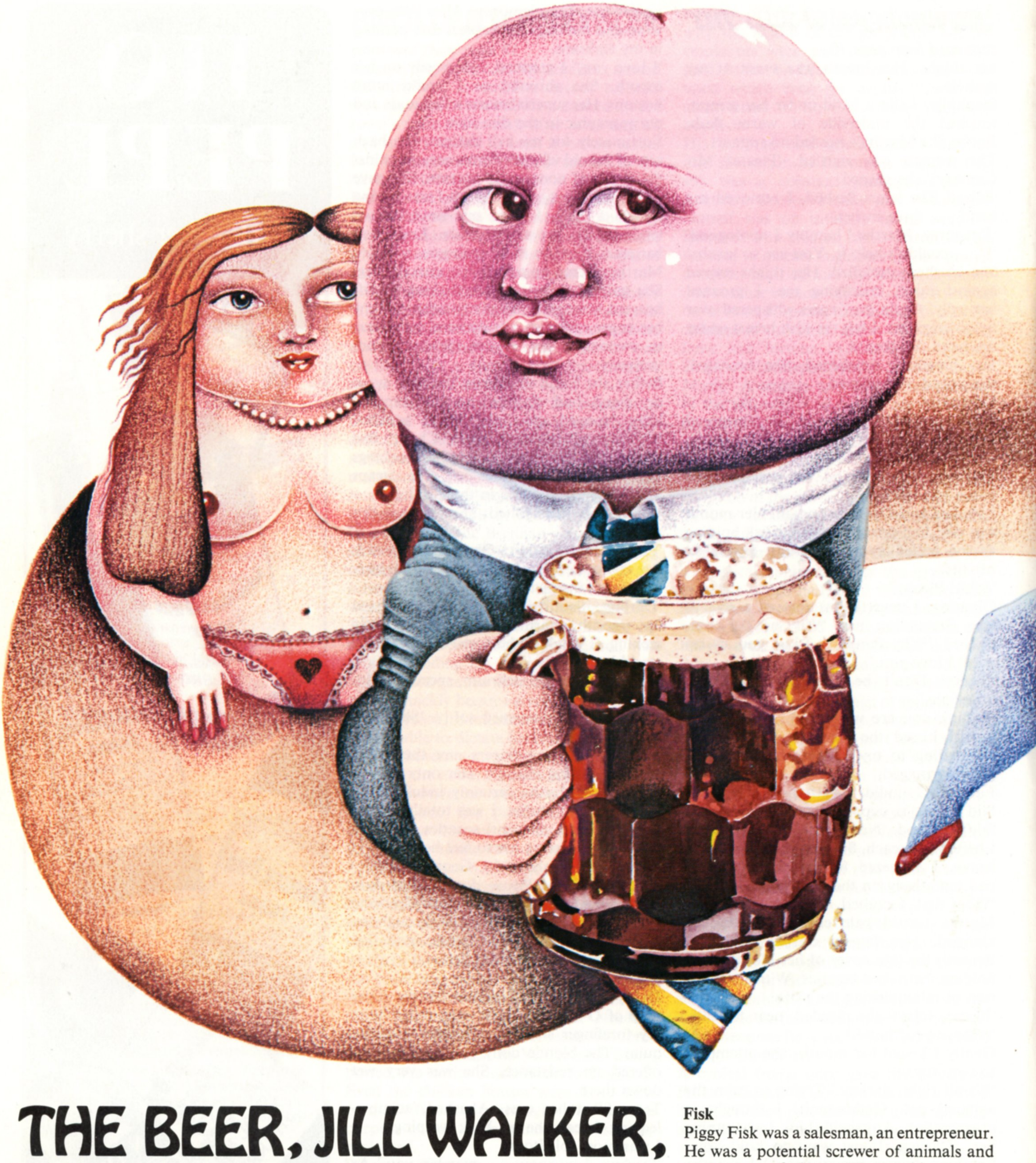
Clive McLean forsakes birds for motor bikes and Bill Boddy looks at fast-car females.

All Mayfair's regular features.

An unusual *Quest* survey, Carrie, sparkling fiction, your own letters and much more.

WHO IS THE NEXT TV HOSTESS TO APPEAR IN MAYFAIR?

Our last scoop from television was Lesley Anne Down. Now we bring you another TV bird you've asked to see more of. She's the hostess on a popular quiz show. Which one? Find out for yourself next month.

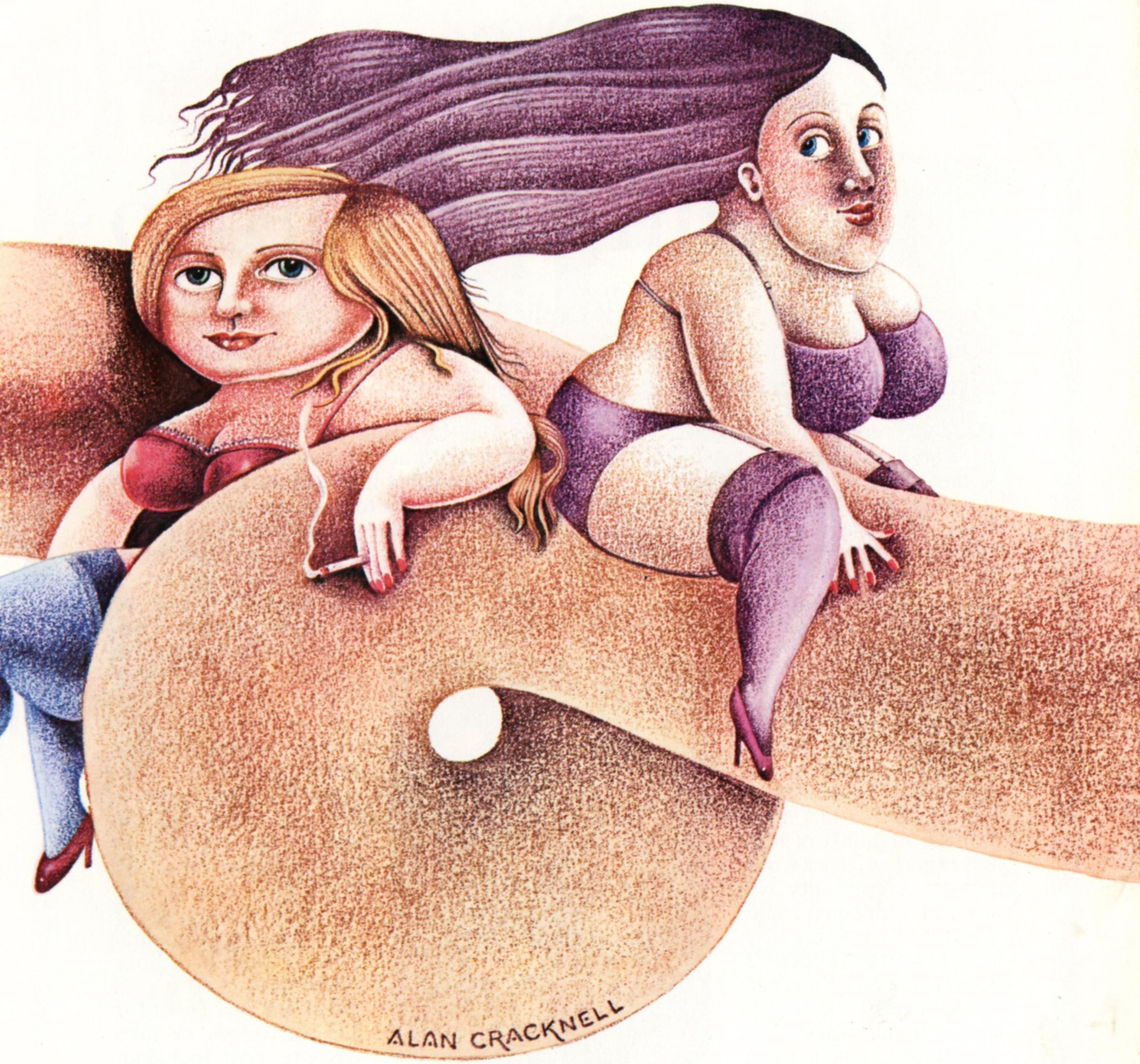


THE BEER, JILL WALKER, AND PIGGY FISK

'Is it tested?' he asked as Piggy unwrapped the limp rubber. 'Course,' was the reply. 'I did it myself.' It was a growing summer. He drank, he brewed heady mixtures and he discovered sex in the arms of a nude Jill Walker. Nostalgia by P.M. Jones

Fisk

Piggy Fisk was a salesman, an entrepreneur. He was a potential screwer of animals and a squeezer of sisters. He would come to school with underwear dangling from a stubby fist, and he'd say it belonged to his latest girl, but they knew it was stolen, torn from a stranger's line. Fisk sat with the boy, now, at the back of the class. Dusty sunlight warmed the front desks where the girls sat. The occasional thump they heard was Littleton beating his meat deep in the shadows. Sibilant whispers came from the head of the class: the Maths master dreamed of the war again and the plane he had flown. The girls murmured and giggled.



'This one's half-price,' said Fisk softly. He hung the limp rubber from a bitten finger.

'Why's it unrolled?' asked the boy, a book before his face and heart beating.

It's been electronically tested.'

'It has?'

'I do it myself.'

'You got an electronic prick?'

'Look, do you want it or not?'

The boy dipped in his trouser pocket. He came up with a coin. They made the swop, the boy folding the greasy rubber and popping it into an envelope. When the bell rang in the distant Hall there was sudden action again, bent heads and pens in inky fingers. The teacher raised his head, gazing blindly about the room. So stern he looked, eyes full of aircraft and the hammer of guns in evening skies. The class stood and filed from the room. In the green-glossed corridor Fisk spoke to the boy.

'Who's it for?'

'Jill Walker,' said the boy, shuffling.

The Boy

The beer and Jill Walker had done wonders for his cycling, stopping the sport in mid-revolution. He had first touched her breast and tasted beer in March and by April he'd sold his bicycle. The guilt in his heart and the rustle of notes in his pocket mixed and made life unreal. By May he had wasted that first Durex, had almost worn it out in fact. Those lonely evenings in his bedroom depressed him at first, but they became a habit and then a joy. He kept filling the rubber and then washing it, then filling it again. His parents thought him a little weird. He split it in May and was secretly glad. It took him twenty minutes to flush away, his parents thought he had diarrhoea.

The Beer and Jill Walker

It had tasted like rainbows. There were colours in its taste, like browns, ambers and golds. The beer cleaned his mouth of cigarette smoke and washed away the greasy

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a group of Frenchmen who were signifying their approval in a very Gallic manner. 'The car may not be very fast or very glamorous, but boy is it noticeable!' It was surely just modesty that prevented Louise from emphasising her own attractions, for a 5 feet 9 inch, grey-eyed blonde with a perfect 36C-24-36 will provoke just as much attention from even the most fanatical car-buff. Louise was born 20 years ago in Hamilton, in the Australian state of Victoria. Having moved to England, she was schooled at St. Christopher's in Leatherhead, Surrey and when 16 acquired the Austin. 'I've done all the renovation myself,' she said proudly, 'even though I say so myself I'm a pretty good mechanic – all self-taught too. I really love cars, the faster the better. The Austin's an exception because it's got so

The Beer, Jill Walker, and Piggy Fisk

continued from page 37

school milk. He was awestruck then, and happy. He had placed the glass on the counter and felt a wondrous dizziness flood his head. At his side Jill Walker sipped at a gin. Her breasts are needles, thought the boy. He sucked again at the beer. His eyes were like diamonds fixed on the sharpened swell of her breast. Jill Walker brushed her lacquered hair with a pale, painted hand. The boy fell in love again.

'You like it?' said the girl.

'What?'

'Me hair. Fifteen bob it cost me.'

'It's lovely,' said the boy. 'Come over the park.'

'OK,' said Jill Walker, 'but not on the grass.'

It had been in the park that he'd first felt her breast. It was all she would allow that day. He had left her at the gate of her parents' house, run home and wanked standing over his bed. He slept badly that night beneath spermy blankets.

The Beer and Fisk

An ancient whore stood guard by the gents and a couple of men, and they were possibly dead, were motionless over dominoes. Little silver cups hung like embryo stalagtites from the discoloured ceiling. Fisk and the boy lounged at the scarred bar. This was June in Fulham. A great bay window looked over the dusty evening street and from where they stood you could see traffic-lights blink colours in the dusk. A barman approached.

'Pint of bitter in a thin glass,' said the boy. He turned to Fisk in query.

'A quart in a bucket,' said Fisk.

They got two pints in glasses with handles. The boy placed a pound-note on the bar and swept up the change. They sauntered to a table, easing their legs and sucking at beer. The eyes of the girl by the gents went back to her nails. A domino clicked, proving that the old men lived. Fisk spoke.

'Well, did you fuck her?'

'Yeah,' said the boy, lying. This memory: *'I don't want to see it. No. No. Put it away . . . What sort of girl . . . Look, I'll press it if you like . . . Better . . .? Faster . . .? Nice if I squeeze . . . You messy, messy sod . . .'* And the world had spun and settled. There'd been grass on his shirt and fading stars in his eyes. *'Look at the grass on me arse,'* she'd said. But she had kissed him at the door of her house and used her tongue. It was a memory. He grabbed at his glass and finished his beer.

'Got a cunt like the Blackwall Tunnel,' said the boy thickly.

'Put a horn on the Pope,' agreed Fisk.

They drank more pints. The sun faded from yellow to amber then red. It lit the rooftops red, lighting windows, putting blank red eyes over Fulham's streets, glazed eyes . . .

'I say Girl to myself, Piggy, and instant horn.' The boy had his elbows dipped in the beer that covered the table. His hands cupped his face. 'I get horns in the morning and horns at night. I think cunt all day and I'm going mad. I can't help myself.'

'Tried pulling your plunger?'

'I can't fucking stop.' The boy pulled the beer to his lips and drank.

'You desperate sod.'

'Right. And I can't look at a girl without stripping her. The thought of those breasts, that curly hair . . .' He span his beer, watching it spin an amber whirlpool. The whore left the pub on the arm of a full-bladdered gentleman. A domino clicked.

'They've all got hairs down there,' said Piggy Fisk. 'Think of them hairs.'

'Please,' said the boy, don't.'

'And them lips,' said Fisk, grinning, 'hidded away.'

'No.' The boy drained his pint and stood. He walked past the spot where the whore had stood and went into the Gents. He closed the door behind him, entered a cubicle and slid the lock across. He sank on the seat and unzipped himself . . .

'Better?' said Fisk. Hollow-eyed the boy stood by the table.

'I needed a crap,' he said.

'Sure.'

'I did. Do you want a beer?'

As Fisk drained his glass the boy spoke.

'I'll tell you. I never screwed Jill Walker.'

'Neither did I,' said Piggy Fisk.

'The cow. The bitch.' said the boy. Together they walked to the bar.

Jill Walker and the Monkeys. Tarzan, too

They sidled past knees in the half-light. As they sat in the only vacant seats the lights dimmed and the curtain before them clicked mechanically. In the smokey darkness they settled and he held her hand. A lion came up on the screen, snarling silently. From above their heads they heard a yell. Distant, Anguished. 'Fred the bloody sound's gone again.'

There were far echoes of running feet and cat-calls from the youths up front. On the screen Lex Barker mouthed soundless words, his hairless chest bringing warmth and relief to the boy's heart.

'I love you Jill,' he said at the same moment that sound exploded on the screen. Somewhere, someone reduced the gain. Monkeys gambolled and gibbered at natural volume and the boy and Jill Walker sank deeper into their seats. He took her hand and placed it platonically in his lap.

'I love Tarzan,' she whispered, eyes clamped on the screen. She kneaded with her fingers, a reflex action.

'You don't like hairy men?' he said, fearing that he might pass out. In his lap there was a young girl's hand and something that might prove too big for a simple cinema. He reached and touched the side of her breast, denting, feeling the softness beneath. A bruised mist filled that space between his balls and chin, an ache that was surely visible. He cupped her breast and it filled his hand perfectly, the nipple a node in his palm, a hardness on a sea of flesh.

'I love hairy men,' she whispered, 'but Lex Barker, well he's *different*.' He could see the jungle, the movement, reflected in her eyes. They gazed silently at the film. Her hand was active in his lap, rhythmic, and her mind was a vacuum. The boy didn't see the film. Mists filled his heart and eyes and he

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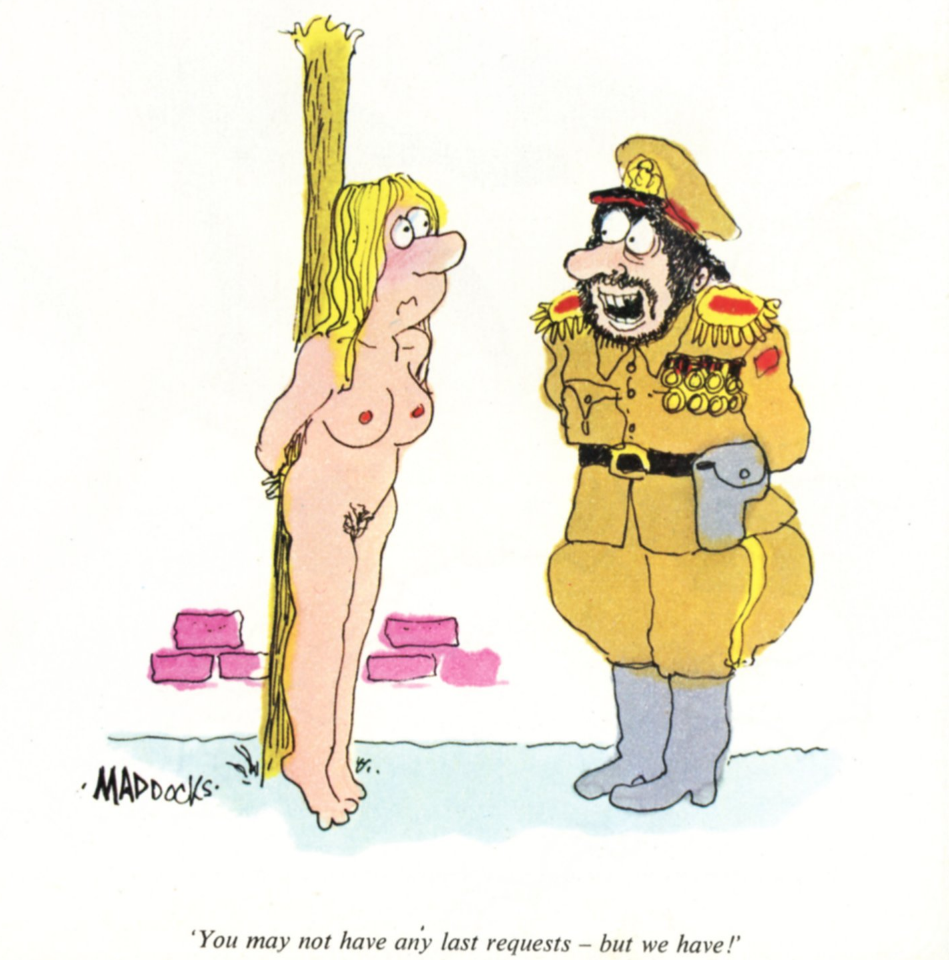

'You may not have any last requests – but we have!'

The Beer, Jill Walker, and Piggy Fisk

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breathed deeply, privately, sure that others could hear. Not conscious of the coming tide the girl pushed slowly back and forth . . . And the tide came. Like slow waves on a shore it came, gathering in his belly and flooding his body, taking his very soul into the open and hurting it, a hurt that was love and pain, but mostly love . . . And he found himself loving a chimpanzee as it swooped on the screen in the foliage, and Tarzan was caught in the ebbing tide, his muscles moved so beautifully, and then the boy was surfacing again, pulling himself up in the seat, feeling the bristles run against his thighs and warmth ooze in his lap. He put a hand on the girl's wrist and she stopped and withdrew her hand, her eyes not leaving the screen. There was dampness then and only the echoes of pleasure. Even Tarzan and his monkeys had lost their charm. In fact for an hour or so the boy felt no love at all . . .

It was dark in the alley, blacker even than the smokey darkness of the cinema. He pressed the girl against the creaking slats, smelling wood and tar beneath the stars. There was the sugary smell of the girl's hair and the musk and powder smell of the girl's neck. His hands were on her breasts, pushing and kneading the softness. He kissed the lip-sticked mouth. Night, rich, hinting mist took and covered them. He pressed harder with his body, feeling her groin a soft mound against his leg. She stood with her legs apart and her skirt was high on her thighs. His hand dropped from her breast, finding warmth above the stocking tops. She whispered, measured words into his mouth:

'Any trouble and I'll knee you in the goolies.'

Standing as they were, he became conscious of his vulnerable stance. His hand froze. He opened his eyes.

'Please,' he said.

'You fellas don't know where to stop.'

'But I love you Jill,' he said, a lie as light as a spider's tread.

'You do?' she whispered, interested.

'I do. Christ. Let me touch you. With my fingers. Just that. Please?'

She giggled. And his fingers slid behind the nylon and there were hairs at his finger-tips that rasped as he pushed deeper between her legs. He touched dampness and slick warmth.

'Cunt,' he whispered, half alive.

'You can,' she whispered into his ear, 'but only with your fingers . . .'

And he did, head thrown back and aimed at the stars. She kissed his throat, pushing her belly onto his fingers. Slowly the night turned red for him. The stars stopped sparkling. Then they shone again.

Fermentation, Fisk, and a Freehand Sketch

Due to the vagaries of the school system Piggy Fisk left, became wage-earning, a year before the boy. One day Fisk wore the mandatory cap and blazer and the next his grotesque figure strained more outrageous cloth. He wore socks of luminous yellow, patterned with musical notes and the names of Rock-and-Roll stars. His trousers, necessarily capacious at the waist, tapered to nothing at the ankles, near where his socks began. He gained nearly a foot in width at the shoulders.

And Piggy took to women as priests take to the Bible. He could be seen throughout that summer walking girls by the river at Richmond. He was seen whispering in young girls' ears as they walked, and while some said he whispered indescribable filth others said he sold cut-price cosmetics, filched from the chemical factory where he worked. Either way he had many girls that summer, growing more self-assured as the months passed.

The boy saw this transition and was jealous and lonely. He spent a penniless summer thinking of Jill Walker and the beer and Piggy Fisk.

On the first day of the new term, his final term at school, he arrived at the bus-stop on the Richmond Road and found Fisk lurching in circles beneath the sign, drunk. Moments after they had met Piggy dug deep into a paper bag and came up with a bottle of orange liquid, shoving it at the boy. The boy drank.

'Fuck me,' he said when he'd finished coughing.

'I make it myself,' said Fisk happily, then a bus came and Fisk was gone.

The boy was lonely again. He worked hard that day at school, passing letters of such ill-spelt obscenity to Jill Walker that he wondered the school itself didn't tremble. He drew a man's cock with a matchbox nearby for linear comparison, titling the image ME. The interest shown by the girls in the class was in itself interesting; they nudged each other, gazed, giggled and wriggled. He stuck out his chest, wondering if he should flash the real thing. The remarkable, the most wonderful thing, was that he should feel randy at all in this dry, dusty room. Divinity had never stirred him this way before. He drew a girl, half-dressed with her legs outspread and genitals exposed. Each tiny pubic hair he drew with a 2H pencil, and the lips he drew were full and wonderful. He even got the clitoris to shine.

The drawing shocked the girls into rigid silence. He had overstepped some mark or another. Girls especially had rules . . .

Fermentation

'Hops,' he said to the Chemist. The little man with the greased wig stood back and regarded the boy. His little shop was famous for piles and the treatment thereof. Any other request, save that for tampons or toothpaste, struck terror into his narrow breast. He peered carefully.

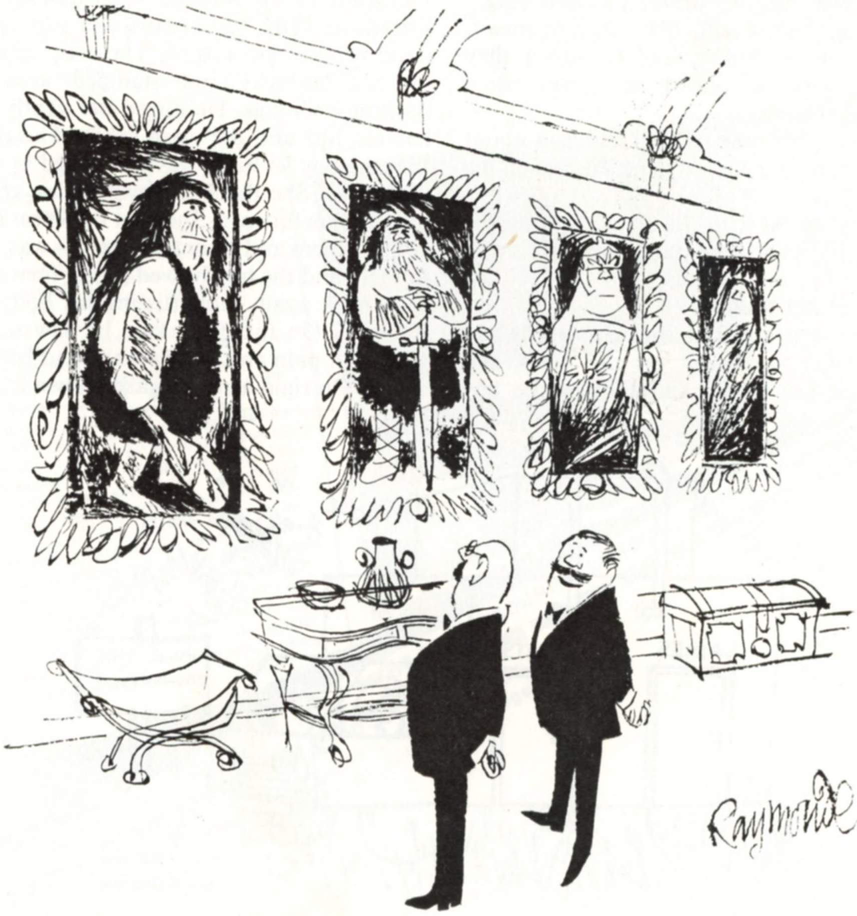
'What does?' he said at length.

'No. Hops. I want to buy some.'

'Hops. Hops . . . For beer?'

'Them's the ones,' he began, wishing he had piles.

His first brew was definitely a disaster. He held it to the light and assessed its promise. It looked like distilled knickers – a thought which had its attractions, but which might prove lacking in alcohol content. He sipped cautiously, conjuring the taste of real beer and finding his yellow liquid lacking. He



'It's not that our family goes back a long way – we were just late developers!'

thought briefly of Fisk and the orange mixture he had carried, then he shut his eyes and drank. His mother's kitchen swam, the curtains flapped and evaded his grasp . . .

An hour later Bardot, stuck two-dimensional upon a wall, taunted him and his belly swam to her taunts. He watched her from his bed and she moved with the tears in his eyes. Once he had pencilled hair on her belly and nipples on her breasts – and with effort he could see her naked, could almost feel that curled blonde hair beneath his fingers. He lay back on the pillows. He reached down and unbuttoned his fly. It filled his hand, solace and comfort. His hand began to move slowly and he tensed on the narrow bed, as mindless as the stalk he held, full to the brim with love.

Masturbation, Fermentation

In the following months the boy became expert at masturbation and the speedy brewing of beer. Fisk's thorough approval of these diverse talents enhanced the boy's pride and he stepped to school each day with a new jauntiness. Each weekend Fisk would come to his house and sample the beer, telling tales in return of his conquests at work and his spy-hole to the ladies lavatory. This last bombshell caused the boy to spill beer from his glass and onto a foot. In the ensuing minutes he questioned Fisk closely as to the ladies lavatorial techniques.

'Look,' said Fisk suddenly, 'I know it's disappointing but all they do is sit there, gaze round a couple of times, polish themselves off, stand up and leave. I don't bother watching any more, it's too boring.'

The boy shook off his disgruntlement, sipping at his murky beer. Together they drank, Fisk savouring the beer then nodding approval.

'It's good. It's good. Did I tell you about the woman who flashed herself at me on the Circle Line . . .?'

The boy sat back in the chair, hearing the lies gladly. Lies were more fun than facts.

Love and Jill Walker

After a while, and with four gins inside her, Jill Walker sat down on the grass, unbuttoned her blouse and showed the boy her breasts. In the distance children swung madly on ropes and became sick on the roundabout. The boy could hardly breathe. Jill shook her shoulders nervously and each breast moved softly, independently, as if with a will of its own.

He reached forward and touched and the girl lay back in the grass. He was sick with lust and love. Her nipples were full red moons in the creamiest of skies. He knelt and kissed a moon and it tasted of nothing but flesh and soft skin. He licked and the nipple stood for him, a tiny red hill. Above them an aircraft passed, and the boy wondered could they see. He covered her body with his, kissing her mouth, tasting lemons and lipstick, touching tongues. He put a finger on the girl's knee, tracing upwards, fearing death or hernia. Jill Walker closed her eyes and softly sighed.

Over the smoothness of the stockings there was hot, damp flesh and above that the texture of cotton. As he kissed her again his fingers felt wetness and sweet lubrication. A late wasp watched them from a flower, saw the boy take clothing from the girl then raise her skirt and awestruck, gaze. The wasp saw the boy take his trousers off and roll rubber onto his stamen. The wasp, disturbed by a sudden wind took to the air.

The boy covered her belly with his hand, slipping a finger into the wetness. He kissed her closed eyes and the curve of her neck; she was nude now and, inspired, he knelt and pushed his nose through the musky hairs below her navel. Shaking, audaciously, he pushed at the hairs with the point of his tongue. Then quickly he kissed her belly, her breasts and the right-hand wing of her nostril. The wasp settled on his buttocks and stamped around, flashing its wings. He kissed her gently on her red lips and the wasp stung. The roar that the boy let loose was swallowed by the girl's kiss. She reached down to his groin and led him forward. She bent her knees and opened them and he entered her. It was hot in there and the boy moved gently forward, then back again, not trusting his body or his luck. On the girl's face he saw small winces of pain and he knew she had been a virgin. On rigid arms he gazed down at the girl, seeing fright and youth in her face, seeing powdered beauty. It was like sticking a butterfly to a card, he decided, piercing the very heart of a thing because you loved it.

The grass smelled sweet when he kissed her ear. In the distance there were the cries of children.

Beginnings, Beer, and Ian Fisk Where Are You Now?

The pub windows distorted the evening sun, turning it green and cooling. The boy turned his back to the sea-like light and spoke to Fisk – solid friend and potential incestuant.

'I won't sit, thanks,' said the boy, tapping the bar with a coin. 'I got bit by a wasp.'

Fisk shrugged.

'On the bum,' said the boy, and Piggy's plump features jerked into query. The whore was at her station and cleaning an ear with a match. The domino men had been removed. Fisk snapped fingers, demanding an answer.

'Jill Walker,' said the boy, then he and Fisk watched two girls push cautiously into the pub and approach the battered bar. The boys leered, watching the sway of skirts and the swell of the breasts. *They've all got them,* thought the boy, *so soft O Christ.* He leaned over and spoke to Fisk.

'I thought it would get better after I screwed Jill Walker,' he whispered, 'but it's got bloody worse. I'm horny all bloody day.'

'You sound like a brass band, all them horns,' said Fisk idly. He turned from the girls and ordered beers. 'I've left my job,' he said.

'Why?' said the boy, still watching the girls.

'They all grew tits,' said Fisk, 'that's why I left. They grew tits and couldn't screw their wives.'

'What?'

'It's why I left my job.' Fisk took a grip on his glass that might throttle a sewer.

'You're unemployed?'

'You never listen. Yeah, the men I worked with grew tits and took to knitting. They had these pills to make, some new pills, and they breathed the dust. Fucked them up completely.'

'And they grew breasts?' asked the boy.

'Right.'

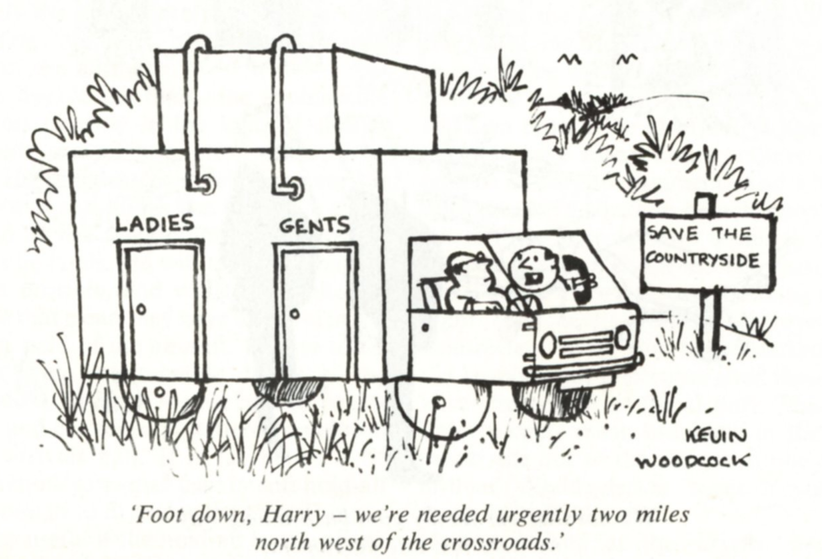
The two girls left the pub and walked off into the Fulham night.

'I love breasts,' said the boy at length, picking a fly from his beer with a forefinger.

'So do I, but not on working men.'

They drained their beer in silence. At nine o'clock Fisk spoke again, offering to sell the boy a military jacket at cut price, epaulettes free, buttons as big as your fist. Fisk had fifty and the boy bought one. The deal completed, Fisk bought more beers.

Outside, the traffic sang its own song; the pulse that would stifle Fulham paused then, fixing things in memories, carving patterns. Above the two boys' heads, above the pub, above the girls in their skirts and petticoats, the first man to orbit the earth flew a slow and lonely path amongst the silver stars



'Foot down, Harry – we're needed urgently two miles north west of the crossroads.'

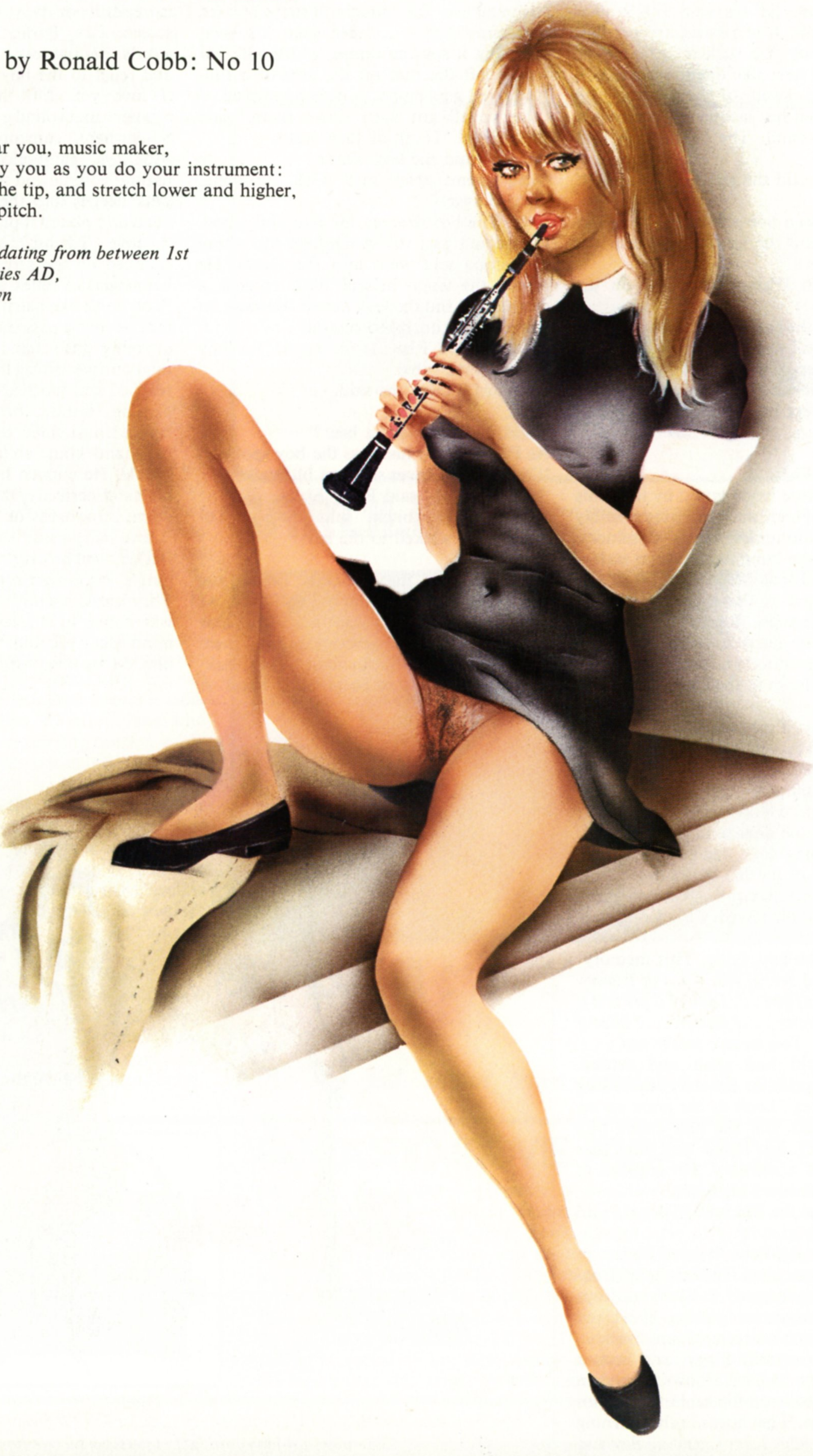
much character. Speed is a fantastic turn-on, in fact I often get a big sexual kick when I'm whizzing down some motorway – very damp and excited.' Away at last from the mob, Louise heads the car for *The London Apprentice,* the riverside pub in Brentford. 'Great place this,' she maintains, 'I'm here a lot with my friends. I share a flat with two guys and we get on very well. It's extremely ordered and platonic and as we get on with each other's friends, we have a fine social life. I hate being alone, so it's good to be one of a crowd. Not frantic trendies, but just nice, ordinary people.' Louise pokes under the bonnet and grins. 'Good mechanic I may be, but I had a vibrator blow up on me once. Don't ask me how, but it was very alarming. All I like going with a bang is good old NG 2693!'

ETERNAL ORACLES

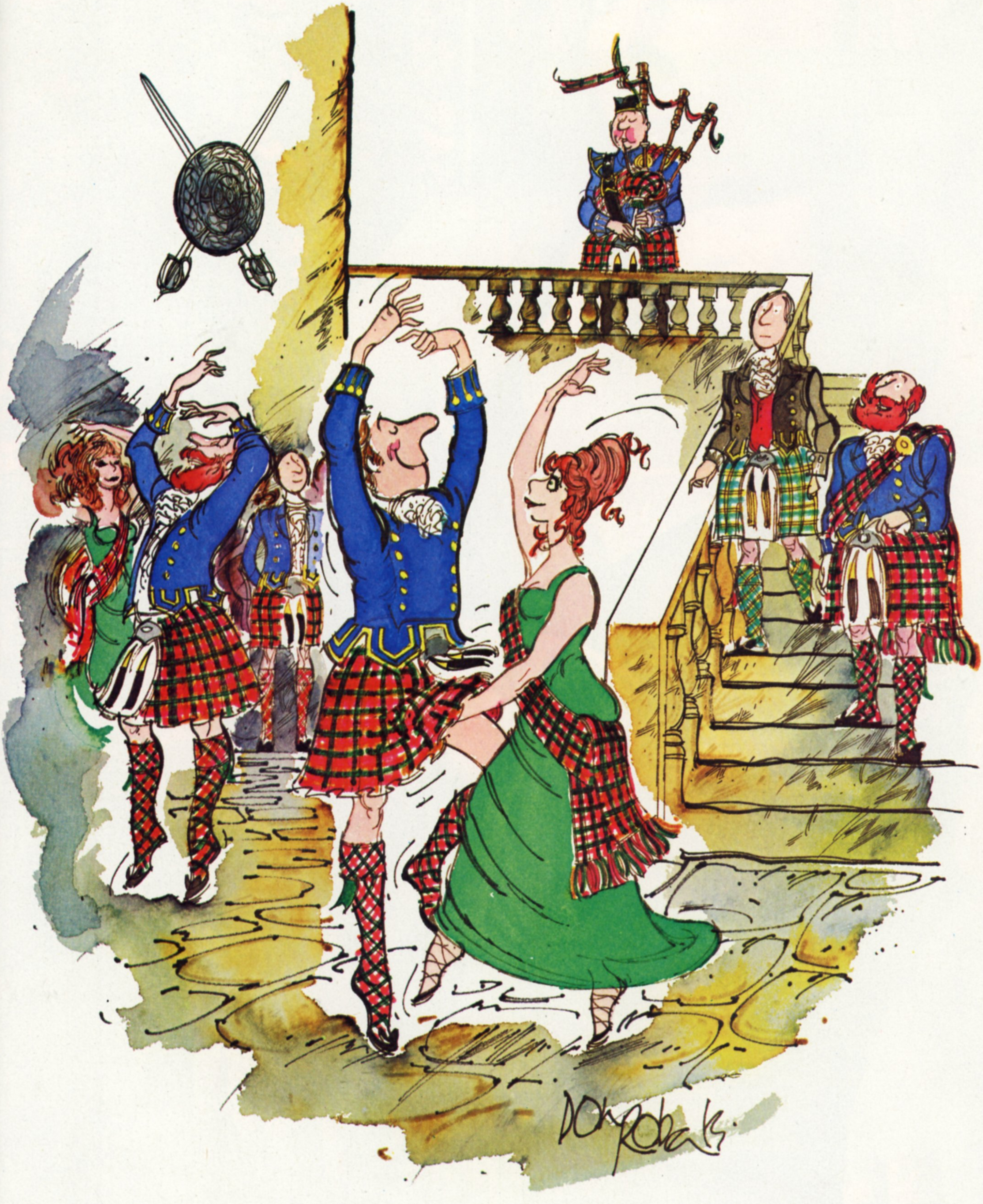
Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No 10

When I'm near you, music maker,
I'd like to play you as you do your instrument:
finger gently the tip, and stretch lower and higher,
to maximum pitch.

original poem dating from between 1st
and 5th centuries AD,
author unknown



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LOUISE ATTERBY



'It's the traditional clan fertility jig.'

Torpedoes have sent over 25 million tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea: half of it British. Yet it was a Briton, Robert Whitehead, who developed this devastating weapon

BIRTH OF A SEA MONSTER

By Edwyn Gray

If the torpedo had not been invented 25,706,096 tons of merchant shipping might not be rusting on the bottom of the sea and the submarine would still be an interesting nautical toy. Yet Robert Whitehead, the man who created this devastating weapon, is probably one of the world's most forgotten inventors.

Not that the torpedo started its life in the sleekly lethal form which we recognise today. In fact until Whitehead came on the scene it was a cranky and laughable contraption which, so it was often claimed, 'was more of a danger to its friends than its enemies'.

An early 'torpedo' was produced by an American, Robert Fulton, who offered it, and his 'plunging boat', *Nautilus*, to Napoleon. The French thought them too barbaric, 'fit only for Algerians and pirates'. Fulton then took his 'torpedo' to England. Incredibly it worked, but the English also found it unacceptable. Fulton returned to the US, a sadder and wiser man, and built steam boats. He made a fortune.

The forerunner of the modern weapon was the spar or outrigger torpedo – a conception almost as antediluvian as the medieval jousting lance which, to be honest, it greatly resembled. It was simplicity itself and as equally suicidal. The bows of small steam launches were fitted with a stout wooden spar some 30 feet in length on the end of which was clamped a copper case primed with between 50 and 150 pounds of gunpowder and operated by a primitive pistol detonator. And tactics consisted of a wild dash at one's opponent with the intention of poking the detonator against the enemy's hull.

Later developments were more sophisticated. The spars were pivoted and 'could

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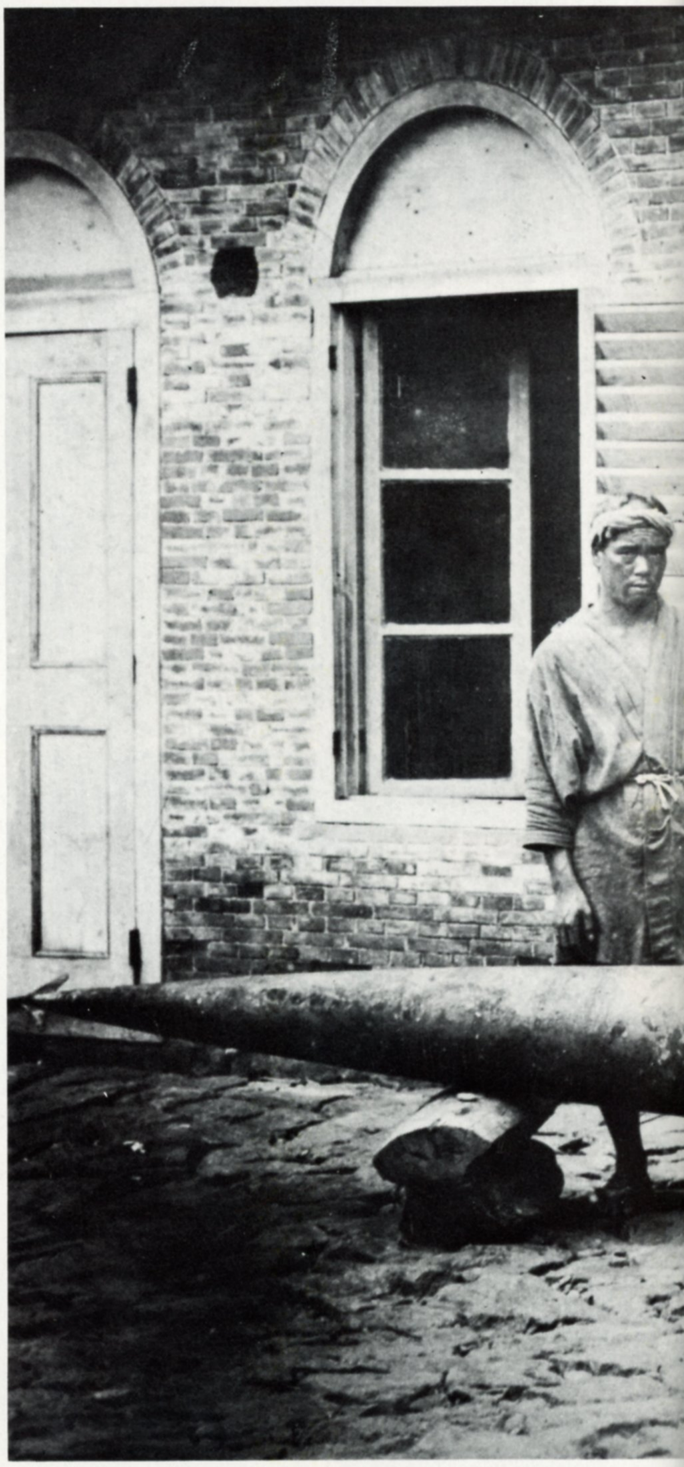

Thought to be the earliest known photograph (circa 1875) of Robert Whitehead, with a battered test torpedo, at his Fiume works.

BIRTH OF A SEA MONSTER

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be triced up or lowered until the charge was 19 feet under water' and electrical firing circuits replaced the thrust-pin action of the original pistol detonator. But using them in battle was an invitation to suicide for the spar torpedo boat had to approach within 30 feet of its ironclad adversary to deliver the fatal blow. And the enemy tended to put up a lot of opposition.

The Russians, with characteristic Slav optimism, were one of the few nations foolhardy enough to test the spar torpedo in the heat of war and Lieutenant Dubasov was the self-elected hero of the encounter. On May 25, 1877, leading a flotilla of four small launches he set off down the Danube in torrential rain to attack the Turkish ironclad *Seifez* lying at anchor off Braila.

Dubasov's boat, *Tsaravitch*, was sighted by a Turkish lookout when it was still only half-way to the target but fortunately for the Russians the enemy guns misfired. In fact, Dubasov claimed later that he actually heard the click of the Turkish triggers as the gunners pulled their lanyards. Seconds later the spar lunged against the stern quarter of the anchored battleship, Dubasov closed the firing circuits, and to the crew's consternation the resultant explosion almost swamped the launch.

Bailing madly and under heavy rifle fire from *Seifez's* deck *Tsaravitch* went astern only to find herself facing instant extinction as the ironclad's vast 12 ton turret guns swung round and lined up on her pint sized attacker. But fortune favours the brave. Her flotilla mate *Xenia* swooped in like a rutting bull and raped the enemy ship with its rampant spar causing sufficient damage to jam the rotating mechanism of the turrets and allowing Dubasov to complete his escape. *Xenia,* too, was severely damaged. Her propellers fouled by wreckage, her engines stopped, she drifted quite helplessly with the current while her crew, under heavy rifle fire, fended themselves away from the battleship with boathooks.

It was not an impressive demonstration and although the spar torpedo was used in a few other minor operations it was, to say the least, not very popular.

In an attempt to overcome the lethal close range necessary to obtain success with the spar torpedo two Royal Navy officers, the Harvey brothers, developed a towing torpedo in the late 1860s. It was little more than an explosive canister towed at the end of a line by the attacking vessel and swung across the bows of an erstwhile enemy in the faint hope of contact. It was a nasty weapon and in its final most sophisticated form it could be fired electrically by remote control – always assuming, as one historian was moved to comment: 'it had not already prematurely exploded, fouled the screw, or parted its tow'.

Like the spar torpedo the Harvey was an unpopular weapon even though the Royal Navy, with admirable conservatism, retained the towing torpedo in service well into the 1880s by which time it had become little more than a museum piece.

A retired officer of the Austrian Coastal Artillery, Captain Lupuis, took the next step with a wooden model dubbed 'Der Küstenbrander' or coastal fire ship. In fact the name was rather more terrifying than the weapon itself which was little more than a small surface boat propelled by clockwork engines. A dynamite warhead in the bows was detonated by a simple pistol mechanism and an operator on shore controlled the 'torpedo' by a series of intricate and tangle-prone tiller lines.

Searching for expert advice after the Austrian Navy had turned down his invention Lupuis visited an English engineer working in Fiume, Robert Whitehead, and offered him a partnership in the weapon if he could iron out its many wrinkles.

Whitehead was an unusual character. Born in Little Bolton in 1823, the son of a calenderer turned wholesale brewer, he showed a precociously early aptitude for mechanics and, sponsored by his uncle, William Swift, had served a long apprenticeship with Omerods of Manchester part of which, incidentally, was spent building the great iron span roof of the London Road railway station. Then shortly after his marriage in 1846 he joined the Victorian brain-drain and took a job at the La Seyne shipyards of Philip Taylor at Toulon.

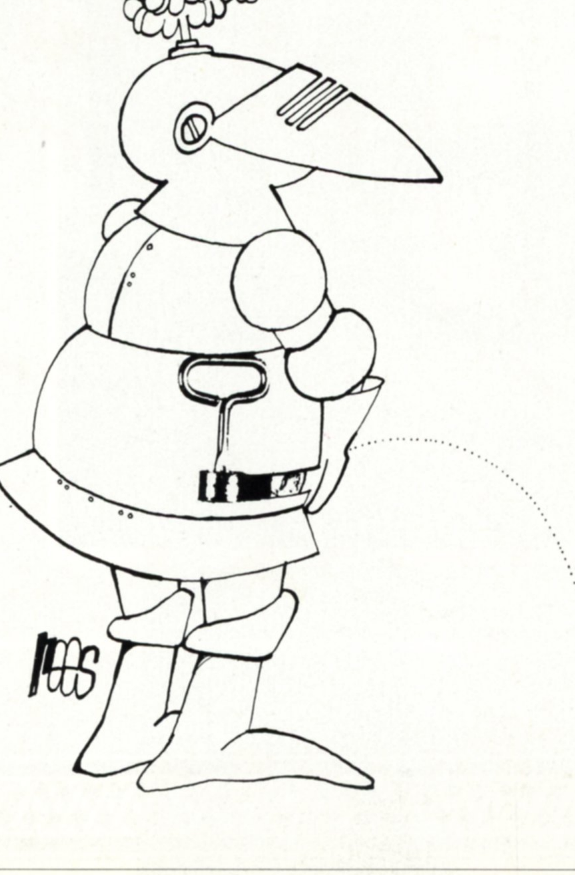
From there he moved to Milan, where, setting himself up as a consulting engineer, he produced a number of ingenious patents for the local textile industry. Then caught up in and ruined by the revolutions that swept central Europe in 1848 he pushed on to the Adriatic coast and obtained employment as a constructor at the leading shipyard of Austria-Lloyd at Trieste. From there he moved to the rival company of Strudthoffs where he was credited with producing the first screw propeller and cylindrical marine boiler to be built in the Austrian Empire.

His reputation grew by leaps and bounds and, finally, he was offered virtual control of the newly formed Stabilmento Tecnico Fiumano in Fiume. And it was there that Lupuis found him.

Whitehead quickly dismissed 'Der Küstenbrander' for what it was – a typical piece of useless Victorian hardware. But he had been fatally bitten by the torpedo bug. And for the next two years, locked alone in a tiny shed in an obscure corner of the STF works, he struggled to produce the weapon that was to make him world famous.

In fact, *his* torpedo, when finally produced, was the complete antithesis of Lupuis's model. It travelled beneath the surface to make it virtually invisible. It was self-propelled and self-steering. And it was constructed of iron – old boiler plates to be precise.

Whitehead's first torpedo bore a remarkable external resemblance to the modern weapon, the main difference being in its pointed nose and stabilising fins. It was 14 inches in diameter, 11 feet in length, and carried an 18 pound charge of dynamite as a warhead. Speed was a leisurely five knots and the range, on a good day, about 220 yards. A self-contained engine operating independently of the atmosphere proved



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JANET

BIRTH OF A SEA MONSTER

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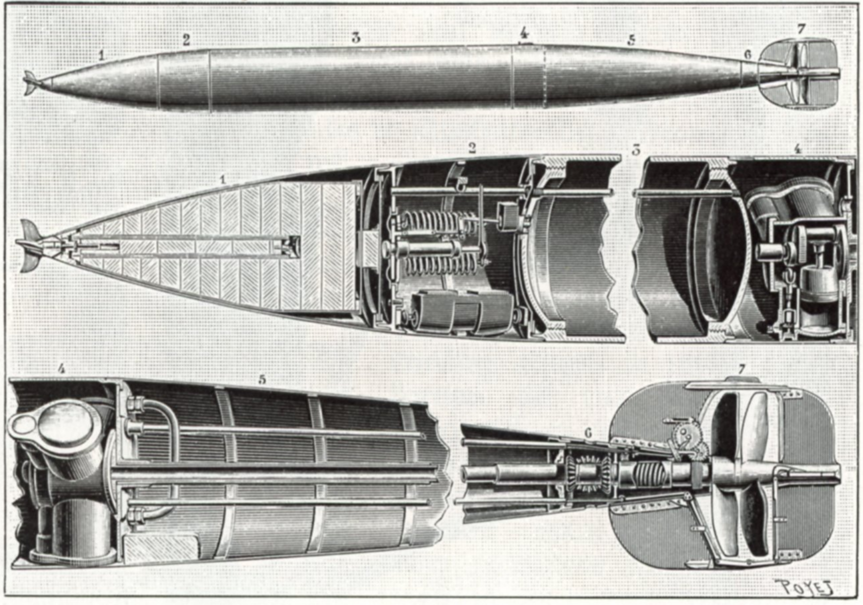
Left: portrait (circa 1885) of Robert Whitehead, who developed the torpedo and who became obsessed with it, thinking he'd created the ultimate deterrent. Right: first 'torpedo' explosion in 1805, conducted on Walmer Bay. This model, invented by an American, Robert Fulton, sank the target ship (a Danish brig 'Dorothée') in 20 seconds. Far right: engraving of an early Woolwich-built Whitehead torpedo being hauled aboard HMS Thunderer *in 1875. Below left: diagrammatic view of Whitehead's torpedo: 1 magazine; 2 'secret chamber'; 3 compressed air reservoir; 4 motor; 5 flotation chambers; 6 gearing; 7 rudder. Below right: loading a Whitehead torpedo into the submerged torpedo tubes of HMS* Thunderer *in 1875.*



impossible to buy and Whitehead buckled down to produce his own – a pneumatic unit worked by air compressed to 370 psi and fed from a pressure chamber inside the torpedo body. Depth-keeping was controlled by means of hydrostatic valves acting through servo motors and connected to horizontal rudders in the tail.

Unfortunately it proved a dismal failure and when it was tested by the Austrian Navy in 1867 it showed a marked preference for diving to the bottom of the sea instead of steering towards its target.

It was back to the drawing board again and it took Whitehead two more years to come up with the answer – a pendulum device which when coupled to a servo motor more or less cured the problem. This special mechanism, the heart of the torpedo's success, was dubbed 'The Secret' and it became the bargaining counter in negotiations with the world's navies when Whitehead put his invention on the market in 1869. So hush-hush was 'The Secret' that a contemporary naval officer wrote: 'The secret of the balance chamber was kept from the common herd and when at length it was divulged to the budding torpedo sub-lieutenant all the hocus pocus of closed doors and a signed pledge of secrecy was gone through before this ingenious but simply conceived portion of the apparatus was revealed.' Fred T. Jane, of *All the World's Fighting Ships'* fame, added that even Admirals in charge of fleets were often as much in the dark regarding the torpedo's secrets as was the lowliest boy seaman.

For once the British Government was quick off the mark and Robert Whitehead was invited to test-prove his new weapon in a series of trials off Sheerness in 1870. 'It was a damned near thing whether we were to be first in the field or not' Admiral Bradford observed later. For, caught up in the Franco-Prussian war, Whitehead got himself arrested by the French police while passing through Paris because, with typical contrariness, he refused to open the mysterious crates that were travelling with him. The intervention of the British Ambassador, however, overcame the difficulties and Whitehead was allowed to continue his journey with his secrets still intact.

The trials proved a great success – the *piece de resistance* coming when the old corvette *Aigle* was sunk by the larger 16 inch weapon which the inventor had thoughtfully brought with him.

Whitehead left England a richer and happier man. The British Government paid him £15,000 for the non-exclusive rights of manufacture, plus a further £2,500 in tax-free 'expenses'. And for 1871 this was a sizable amount of loot.

Soon every country in the world was clamouring for the Whitehead torpedo and STF, having encountered a financial crisis, was quickly bought out by the enterprising Englishman who turned production entirely over to torpedo making. But as Whitehead was soon to discover 'The Secret' exercised a profound fascination for the unscrupulous and more than one Government was anxious to secure its closely-guarded details at a cut price.

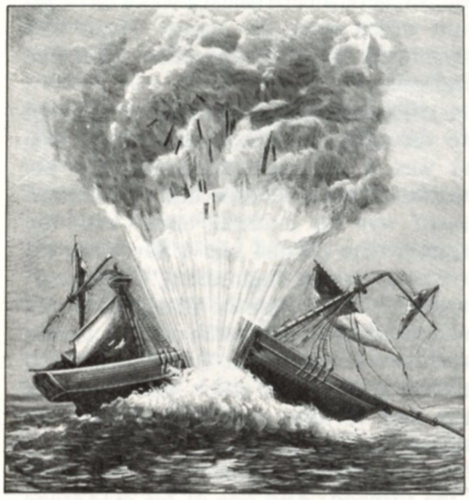
Whitehead's mania for secrecy was so intense that he even refused to patent his devices for fear that the drawings would enable an enterprising rival to steal his ideas. But he had overlooked the more brutally direct approach – straight forward burglary. And it happened one night during a house party at the Whitehead's house inside the factory at Fiume, when in addition to other guests, the inventor was entertaining a young German engineer, Louis Schwartkopff. At some time during the early hours of the morning someone broke into the drawing-office, ransacked the filing cabinets, and stole a complete set of plans.

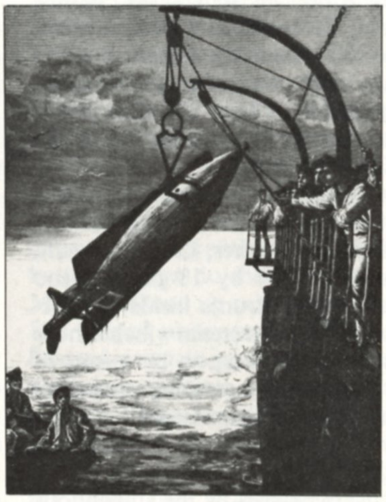
Strangely, and by one of those odd coincidences that abound in industrial espionage, almost exactly a year later the Berlin engineering company of L. Schwartkopff & Co. offered their own torpedo to the world. It was identical in practically every detail to Whitehead's weapon, although in one respect it scored over the Fiume model by being constructed from phosphor-bronze – itself at that time a secret metal – which suffered less from corrosion and atmospheric deterioration than Whitehead's steel body. Schwartkopff's price of £450 a weapon however made the Fiume factory's £330 model look a cut-price bargain and Whitehead continued to dominate the market.

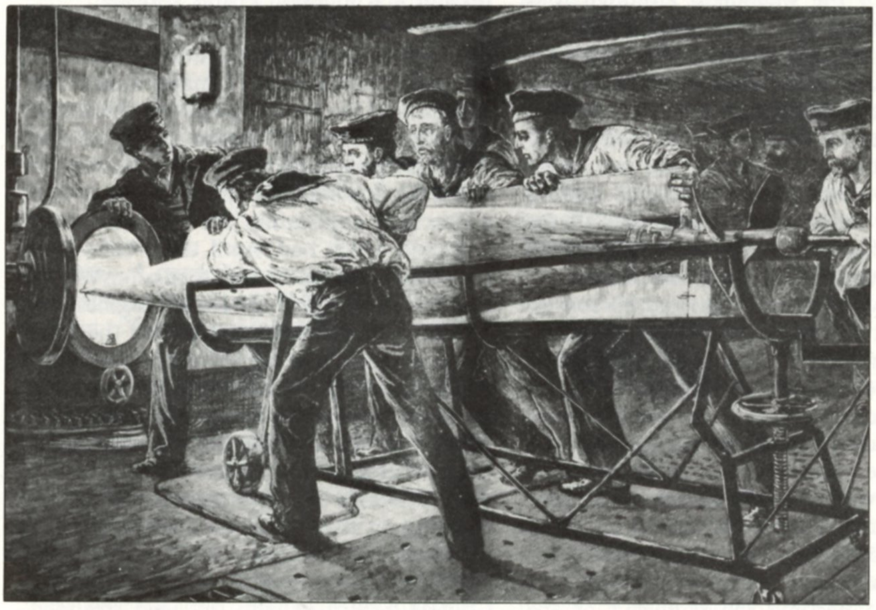
Germany was not the only interested party. The US Navy also produced a suspiciously similar version in 1870 and contemporary records show that a foreman from Woolwich Arsenal, where the British marques were built, actually offered a full set of working drawings to the highest bidder – although everyone piously hastened to deny complicity.

Even Austria, the first nation to buy the rights from Whitehead in 1869, fell prey to the I-spy fashion and, unwilling to pay the asking price for the new and improved 1875 model, they conveniently purloined a stranded torpedo and spirited it away to the

On the seafront at Gravesend in Kent is Fort Gardens and it was here that we first saw 24-year-old Janet Brown. The early Spring sky was a pale, clear blue; empty save for the wheeling seagulls and the long, thin vapour trail of a mile-high jet. Janet gazed up at the tiny plane and sighed. 'I wish I was up there. It's probably bound for somewhere warm and sunny right now and I'd







Navy Arsenal at Pola where, having taken it to pieces to see what made it tick, found that they were unable to put it back together again. It took the personal intervention of the Austrian Emperor, Franz Josef, to pull *that* hot little chestnut out of the fire.

Rather appropriately it fell to a ship of the Royal Navy to have the honour of firing the first torpedo in action. It happened on May 29, 1877, when *HMS Shah,* flagship of the Pacific Squadron, met up with the Peruvian turretship *Huscuar* which, hijacked by rebels, had been branded as a pirate. An old Torpedo School legend has it that the *Shah*'s gunnery officer requested his captain to put the order to fire the torpedo in writing because the rebel sailors had shown such gallantry that 'they did not deserve such an appalling fate'. But Captain Bedford was unmoved by the request and a single 16 inch Whitehead torpedo was fired at precisely 5.14 pm.

Unfortunately for history – and the reputation of the gunnery officer – it missed! But while this episode showed that the Fiume weapon was as yet by no means perfect the products of Whitehead's competitors almost defy description.

Most incredible of all was the Lay torpedo which measured 23 feet from nose to tail, weighed 2,500 pounds and was powered by a radial engine working from carbonic acid stored under pressure inside the body. It ran awash at speeds up to 16 knots and was steered by an electrical cable linking the device to an operator. Impulses down the cable stopped and started the weapon and, at the climactic moment, fired its 200 pounds explosive charge. And as if all this gadgetry was not enough it also raised and lowered little marker flags to indicate its position.

The Peruvian Navy were the first to adopt the Lay but soon had cause to question their impulsive decision when war broke out with Chile in 1879. Admiral Grau ordered the weapon to be fired at the Chilean corvette *Abtao* – and immediately regretted it! For with the perverseness usually associated with Lay's weapons (he had once concocted a spar torpedo in which the operator controlled the mechanism by means of four tiller lines tied to his wrists and ankles) the torpedo swung in a 180° semi-circle and arrowed straight back towards the Peruvian flagship. It was only the exemplary bravery of Lieutenant Diez Causeco, who dived over the side and diverted the weapon away from the ironclad's side, that the Peruvian ship escaped annihilation and Admiral Grau, disgusted by the traitorous behaviour of the torpedo, ordered it to be buried – without military honours – in Iquique cemetery. As one historian commented: 'Anything could happen with a Lay torpedo – and usually did.'

Ericsson, the inventor of the world famous 'Monitor' and an early pioneer in steam locomotives, took a different line to Whitehead and developed an underwater dynamite gun. It was a promising idea but, limited to a range of only 300 feet, it was of little military value and was soon dropped. An electric torpedo he produced in 1873 also failed to live up to its early promise and like so many others this talented inventor gave best to the English engineer and left him with a clear field.

A more promising competitor was the American Howell design invented by Captain J.A. Howell in 1870. Powered by a large fly-wheel spinning at 9,000 rpm and started by a steam winch prior to launching it bore so many other similarities to the Whitehead design that its originality remains in some doubt – pirating was ripe even in those far-off halcyon days.

However it was a sound weapon and its speed of eight and a half knots for 400 yards compared well with the early Fiume models as did its handy size of eight feet and the powerful punch of its 70 pound warhead. And the stability resulting from the fly-wheel gave the Howell a distinct advantage over the irritating meanderings of the Fiume torpedo. In fact the Howell was so successful that the US Navy, almost alone in the world, was able to cock-a-snook at Whitehead's product for over 20 years and it was not until 1892 that the superiority of the Fiume built-torpedo forced Washington to do a deal with Silurificio Whitehead.

Tempted by the tremendous rewards there was no shortage of rivals. A Southsea gentleman, George Swift by name, offered the War Office a fabulous machine which he claimed could cover 2,000 yards in 30 seconds. But this phenomenal weapon never saw the light of day and presumably failed to live up to its inventor's name. The great Swedish armament king Thorsten Nordenfelt produced a giant electric torpedo in 1888 which, with a diameter of 29 inches, was driven by an 18 SHP motor fed by 108 storage cells. But whatever Nordenfelt may have thought about his unlovely creation he had sufficient sense to fit the tried and tested Whitehead torpedo to his first steam driven submarine.

Rival inventors fell over backwards in their efforts to climb on the bandwagon once it had started rolling. Hiram Maxim's brother, Hudson, devised a wire powered weapon that barely got off the ground – or should it be under the water – while an

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give anything to be pegged out on some exotic beach wearing a tiny bikini and getting a tan. Fat chance though. I'd need a sugar daddy to pay the fare. Two weeks in summer and that's my lot, but it must be smashing to be able to go up and away whenever you get the urge.' She smiles, eyes looking wistfully at the waves breaking gently onto the beach. 'Each year I get in all the tour

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BIRTH OF A SEA MONSTER

continued from page 81

enterprising American shoemaker, named Cunningham, invented a rocket torpedo that on one celebrated July 4 dashed up the town's main street and, after terrifying all and sundry, ended its brief if violent career in a butcher's shop where it set fire to the ice box. Hot stuff, indeed.

Perhaps the strangest, yet financially most successful, venture was the torpedo built by an Australian watchmaker, Louis Brennan, which was controlled by 18-gauge piano wire. Running over drums inside the torpedo and operated via a steam winch ashore this wire steered the weapon by means of two direct drive contra-rotating propellers and a pendulum compensator. It was credited with a speed of 20 knots and a range of 3,000 yards.

Obviously overwhelmed by the stupendous potential of the weapon – although it is difficult to see why — the British Government paid Brennan a hefty £100,000 for the manufacturing rights plus a sizeable annual retainer. And Parliament was furious when it found out about the deal. It need hardly be added that the Brennan was not vastly successful – except as a means of making money for its inventor – and, like all the others, it faded away to leave Whitehead with a virtual monopoly of the market.

Together with his son John, and his son-in-law Count Georg Hoyos, Whitehead was soon expanding his empire as the nations of the world queued up to buy his torpedoes and he quickly became a very wealthy man. In later years his influence was so great that he was able to dictate his own terms to the British Government when there was a delivery dispute about Fiume's latest in a long line of wonderful weapons, the 18 inch torpedo, and this particular model was destined to become the mainstay of the Royal Navy in the 1914-18 war.

After a succession of large country houses he settled in a vast mansion called Paddockhurst near Worth in Surrey where he let both his wealth and his imagination run riot. A model farm was constructed on which he lavished thousands of pounds and the great ornamental lake proved a useful testing ground for model torpedoes. Everything was on a colossal scale. Needing furniture, Whitehead purchased two complete antique shops in Venice and transported the entire stock back to England. Even the chicken houses were fitted with parquet flooring although the precise purpose of this latter refinement was never explained.

Wherever the Whitehead-Hoyos menage went – and it was a sizeable family even by Victorian standards – they travelled in a privately-owned Pullman coach which was hitched up to the end of any train going in the right direction. And on occasions even the famed Orient Express was halted at some tiny wayside station in Austria so that the Pullman could hitch a ride.

Yet for all his riches Robert Whitehead remained a loving and beloved figure. He was renowned throughout Europe as an enlightened employer in an age when the poverty of the workers was synonymous with the wealth of the proprietor and his employees were well cared for and well paid. In fact his benevolence was a by-word upon which even the august *Times* was constrained to note on more than one occasion.

His children and grandchildren married into the cream of European Society. One son was a constant companion of the Austrian Crown Prince and Whitehead himself was on intimate terms with the Emperor who created him a Baron for his services to marine engineering. One granddaughter married into the Bismarck family and another became the wife of the Austrian naval hero Kapitan von Trapp. It was the children of this latter union who later won fame and fortune as the Trapp Family Singers – the inspiration for 'The Sound of Music'. A strange and unexpected product of the torpedo. And one of his grandsons became a Rhodesian Prime Minister.

Under the skilful guidance of the Whiteheads the torpedo slowly evolved into the weapon that remains so familiar today. The adoption of the gyroscope gave it the lateral stability lacking in earlier marques and credit is due to both Robert and his son for being the first engineers in the world to find a practical application for the gyroscopic principle which had, until then, been little more than a scientific toy. And after Whitehead's death in 1905 the heater engines and burner-cycle engines transformed the relatively slow moving torpedo into a 45 knot threat that influenced not only the tactics of naval warfare but the design of ships as well.

It was the Japanese who put the torpedo on the map in their war against China in 1895. And although its performance was disappointing on that occasion it was a portent of what was to come. Perhaps the only people to benefit from the torpedo were the Chinese fishermen who salvaged stranded weapons from the beaches after the battle of the Yellow Sea and sold them back to their own Government for $100 each.

But from then onwards the torpedo never looked back. In two World Wars it has claimed more ships than all the guns, mines, and bombs put together. And even today it remains a prime weapon of the world's navies capable of being launched from the air, on the surface, and under the sea. Few other weapons have such three-dimensional combat capability.

A cynical friend once gave this advice to Hiram Maxim: 'If you can devise a method by which men can kill each other quickly and efficiently you will make your fortune.' Maxim took the words to heart and invented the machine-gun.

In Whitehead's case it was a question of sinking ships quickly and efficiently rather than killing men but, by creating the torpedo, Robert proved the universal truism that lay behind the cynic's advice. And he, like Maxim, made a fortune. Yet throughout his life Whitehead never saw his torpedo as an instrument of death and destruction. In his view he had produced such a terrible weapon that no nation would ever dare to go to war again. Unfortunately he was wrong. But that was hardly *his* fault.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

In the dock stood a man accused of rape, and in the witness box was the young lady who, allegedly, had been his victim.

'What did the accused say to you before he assaulted you?' asked the prosecution.

'I wouldn't soil my mouth by the use of such words,' the woman replied.

'Come, come now,' said the prosecutor, 'you simply must tell the court exactly what was said.'

'Never,' snapped the woman. The learned judge then intervened. 'Come now my child,' he said, 'we must know what the accused is supposed to have said to you prior to the alleged offence.'

'I'm sorry but I cannot bring myself to use such language,' reasserted the woman.

'Very well, you will be given pen and paper,' said the judge, 'so that you may write down just what was said to you, and the paper will be passed round the court and so save you embarrassment.'

The young lady duly wrote down the words – 'I'm going to shag the arse off you tonight' – folded the paper and passed it to the prosecutor, who read it, and passed it to the judge, who read it and directed the clerk to have the note passed to the jury. While all this had been taking place, the only lady on the jury had been daydreaming, and on being handed the note by the gentleman on her left, opened it, read it, and with a delightful smile folded it and put it in her handbag. 'You're supposed to pass it on,' said the man on her left.

Know about the three ages of man? Tri weekly; try weekly and try weakly.

It was raining cats and dogs on this particular Sunday night in Donegal as Patrick cycled back to his cottage after attending mass. As he peddled down the water-logged country lane, he almost fell off his bike with fright when a figure stumbled out onto the road in front of him, and then collapsed. Patrick got off his bike and, being a good Christian, went over to the poor fellow to see what was wrong.

'What seems to be the trouble, me lad?' he asked.

'Oh help me please. Oy've been in a terrible accident and Oy think Oy'm doyin'. Could ya go an' fetch me the rabbi, so's he can give me the last royts,' the man spluttered.

'The rabbi?' questioned Patrick.

'That's royt,' said the man.

'Now let me get this straight,' said Patrick. 'You're Oyrish, royt?'

'That Oy am.'

'And you're Catholic, royt?' continued Patrick.

'Oh yes, that Oy am, Oy am.'

'Can you tell me then what you'd be wanting with a rabbi? Surely, 'tis the father you'd be wanting?' said Patrick.

'Father, nothin'. Oy couldn't be callin' out the good father on a noyt like this, now could Oy?'

A young smart aleck executive on his first flight to New York had just settled back in his chair when the hostess came around asking people if they'd like a snack.

'Sir,' she said, 'we'll be landing in New York in about five hours. Would you like anything to drink?'

'What are you serving? I don't want anything alcoholic.'

'We've got T.W.A. soft drinks, T.W.A. milk shakes. T.W.A. coffee or tea, perhaps?'

'All right. I'll have some of your T.W.A. tea.'

Do you know the difference between a girl and an electric light bulb?

No? Well, you can unscrew a light bulb . . .

His lordship chose a Saturday afternoon to call in at one of the most fashionable furriers in town, with his latest girlfriend in tow. He allowed her to select the fur of her choice and, naturally, she picked the most expensive.

The young chap then wrote out a cheque for the full amount.

'I'm sorry, sir,' said the furrier, but as it's Saturday and the banks are closed, I'm afraid I can't let you take the coat till Monday when your credit has been verified and your cheque cleared.'

'I quite understand, my good man,' said the playboy, then he and his all-aglow girlfriend made their exit.

On Monday he returned and the furrier greeted him grimly. 'That cheque you gave me on Saturday isn't worth the paper it's written on. Your account is already overdrawn.'

'I know,' said his lordship, 'but thanks all the same for a wonderful weekend.'

What has 100 balls and fucks rabbits?

A shotgun.

A wealthy young man arrived at the banqueting suite in his chauffeur driven Rolls, to fulfil his duty as guest speaker at the annual ladies night. His hosts wined and dined him well, even perhaps, a little too well, as he looked decidedly frayed around the edges as he lurched to his feet in response to the president's invitation to speak.

'Ladish 'n' gen'lmen,' he started, with difficulty, if not originality, 'I'm goin' to ask you a conumdrum. Hic. Whatishit thatsh oval shaped, moist, and surrounded with little hairsh?'

The penny appeared to drop with many of the assembled guests, who exchanged anxious glances. Insensitive to the atmosphere the speaker bumbled on. 'You shilly lot I'll have to tell you. Hic. Ish a woman's fanny.'

Amidst shock exclamations, the president leapt to her feet. 'Disgusting behaviour,' she snorted. 'Chuck him out.' Without further ado, they did. Down the stairs he bounced, through the main doors, and came to rest slumped against his Rolls by the kerbside.

Nonchalantly, the chauffeur pressed the window button and put his head out. 'Good evening, sir,' he haughtily observed: 'I see we've buggered up the eyeball joke again.'

A traveller, walking beside a meadow was surprised when a horse trotted up to him and said, 'I won the Grand National last year.' The poor traveller was startled but thought he must be hearing things, so he walked on. The horse galloped up to him again and said, 'It's true. I did win the Grand National last year.' The man was frightened and began running, but still the horse kept pace and said, 'Now do I look like a horse that would lie? I won the Grand National last year.' The man ran as fast as he could to the farmhouse where he knocked on the door. It was eventually answered by the farmer.

'Do you realise that you've got a talking horse down in the meadow?' enquired the man.

'Oh yeah, what's he been telling you?'

'He said he won the Grand National last year.'

'He's a bloody liar,' said the farmer. 'He came second.'

The teacher took her class on a day trip to the local zoo and after spending the afternoon doing the rounds they finally found themselves at the monkey house. But alas there wasn't a monkey to be found. So the teacher went in search of the keeper to find out where they were.

'Sorry madam, but they're out the back in their den but they won't come out.'

'Why not?' demanded the teacher.

'They're mating,' said the keeper.

'Do you think they'd come out for some peanuts?'

'Don't know mam. Would you?'

There was a young girl from Detroit,
Who at coition was very adroit.
She could squeeze her vagina
To a pinpoint or finer,
Or open it up like a quoit.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes with other Mayfair readers. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There will be a free subscription for those whose jokes are selected. In case of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision on awards will be final.

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brochures and plan the most elaborate holidays. I've managed to get abroad a couple of times to the Costa Brava and Ibiza, but if I had the money I'd do something really far-out and exotic – like going to the West Indies or somewhere like that.' She giggles. 'I suppose I *should* find myself a rich boyfriend, someone who is interested in something more than slipping his hands inside my bra and giving my tits a feel. Do I wear a bra ? You must be joking. With a pair the size of mine, I'd give myself two black eyes every time I ran for a bus if I didn't wear a bra. 40–24–36 isn't a bad figure, and I've just about got the height, 5 feet 5 inches to go with it. People tell me I ought to make more of my figure by getting into modelling, so I guess this *Mayfair* job is an early step. You hear so many funny stories about modelling though that it makes you a bit wary. You know the kind of thing I mean, like having to sleep around to get anywhere. It's come as a bit of a relief to find that you're so normal !' We decide to adjourn to *The Nelson* in New Road, Janet's pub-of-the-moment, for a drink. 'I'll tell you something,' says Janet over a gin-and-tonic, 'my modelling money will go towards *that* holiday.' *Bon voyage* Janet, have a ball.

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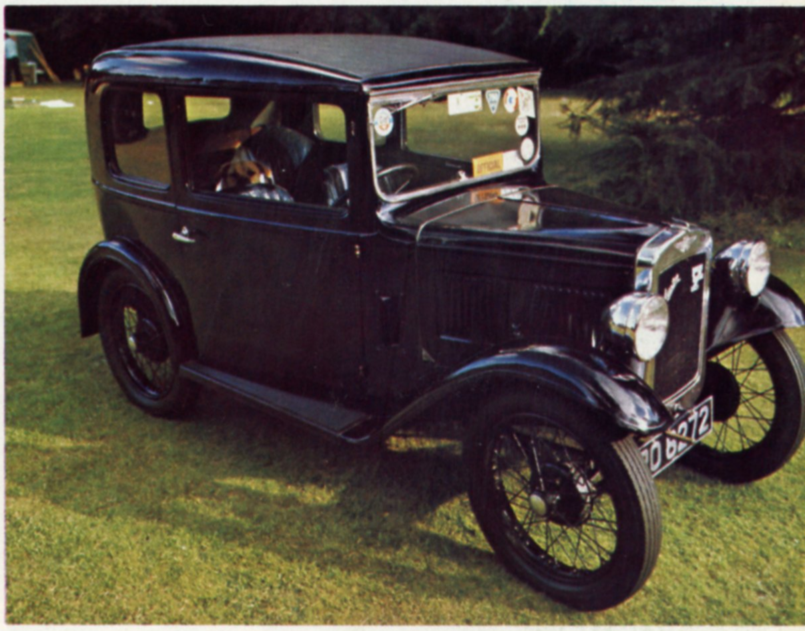
The Magnificent Sevens

Born over 50 years ago, the Austin Seven – the little wonder which became a motoring legend / by William Boddy

Photographed by Bob Hallman

Inflation has turned thoughts towards wee motor-cars, which our pedestrian speed-limits do nothing to deflect. Down the years there have been legions of little cars aimed at tight purses and limited budgets. But none so famous, so well-loved, as much respected in its time and since, as the Baby Austin. Conceived in 1922, born in 1923, it was with us almost until the Second World War.

At first regarded as a bad joke on the part of the stern featured Sir Herbert Austin, the diminutive Seven won immediate acclaim on the race track, driven by Sir's son-in-law, Arthur Waite, and by E. C. Gordon England, ever-young today, who ordered a chassis while still hopping around on crutches following a gliding accident. The World, or the European part of it, was accustomed to small cars long before Sir Herbert hatched his Birmingham egg. Some had been



Although the first Austin appeared on the market in 1906, and the first 'Seven' (a single cylinder, 1100 cc model) in 1909-1911, it was Austin's second 'Seven' of later vintage which wrote itself into the motoring history books. It was the one car which at the time struck the public chord, offering comfort, reliability, and sound economic sense, whether touring or just getting from A to B. It had four-wheel brakes; four cylinder engine; top speed of 50 mph plus; and a fuel consumption of over 40 mpg. And at £165, it was far superior and cheaper than the cyclecar opposition of the day. Left: *Wine red 1936 open Nippy,* Above: *1933 saloon, which travelled to Monte Carlo and has taken part in countless rallies. On a recent trip to Scotland, it averaged an incredible 50 mph all the way.*

Wendy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Wendy Ridge comes from East London. Not the East London of jellied eels and rhyming slang, but East London, South Africa – a good 6,000 miles from Wapping and Shoreditch. 'You know my problem ?' she asks with a smile, green eyes sparkling, 'Itchy feet. I used to think that a day without travel was a day wasted, but I'm beginning to slow up just a bit. I've spent the winter in London, but now that the weather's getting a bit better, I'll soon be off again. I fancy one of those mini-bus camping treks to North Africa or Turkey, they sound very exotic. I went on a similar tour round Europe last year and it was really fabulous. All of us on the bus got

acceptable; some terrible. Not many had more power than that required to skin a milk pudding. All manner of cost-cutting ends had been taken. Gearboxes had been eliminated by using friction drive, or expanding pulleys for belt transmission, or dogs engaging multiple chain drives. Power units had been cooled by air, even oil. Cables and bobbins had replaced conventional steering boxes. Bodywork had been made of plywood or worse. Some optimists even sought to sell vehicles devoid of any kind of body, apart from the human kind – who sat on a plank, that was both chassis and seating of these mechanised buckboards.

This kind of motorised caper was not very acceptable before the Kaiser War. By the 1920s better things were expected, although not always provided, by those who named themselves as motor-car manufacturers. The more impecunious public was prepared to tolerate air cooling, two cylinders, even chain drive (GN and Morgan three-wheeler) but not the extreme absurdities of the earlier economy car movement. It was into this world of cheap, fuel-thrifty motoring that Austin dropped his little bombshell.

Its only oddity was its diminutive dimensions. It had a wheelbase of a mere six feet three inches and was three feet ten inches wide. Being but eight feet eight inches long it would garage in the garden shed. The wheel track was a matter of three feet four inches and the Baby tipped the weighing scales at six and a half hundredweight. It came into the hard, harsh world wearing a two door touring body with two seats and a kiddy's shelf behind them, known as a Chummy body. Sir Herbert looked ridiculous in his Baby Austin, which soon became the butt of innumerable jokes, in which Sevens were taken indoors to be washed in the domestic bath; Sevens scuttling between the outstretched legs of point-duty policemen; Sevens being trodden underfoot, and so on. Never mind, Henry's Model-T Ford was the recipient of similar wit, so it should do Herbert's Austin Seven no lasting harm. It didn't!

Once the motoring public had

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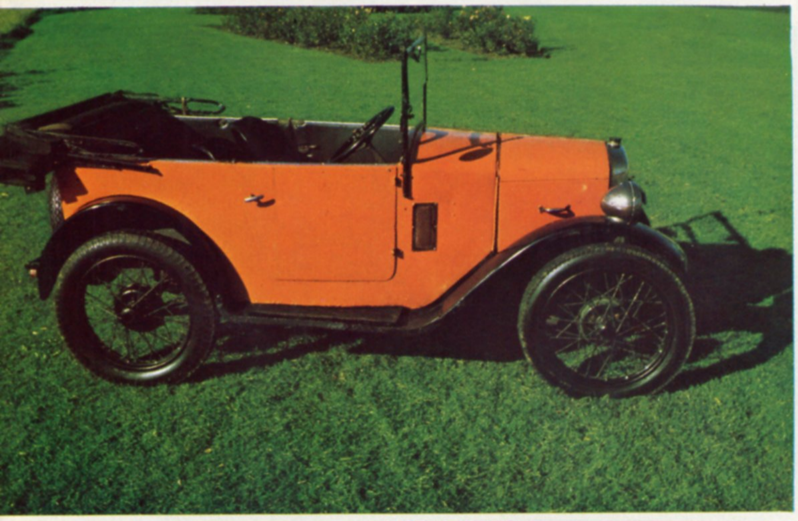

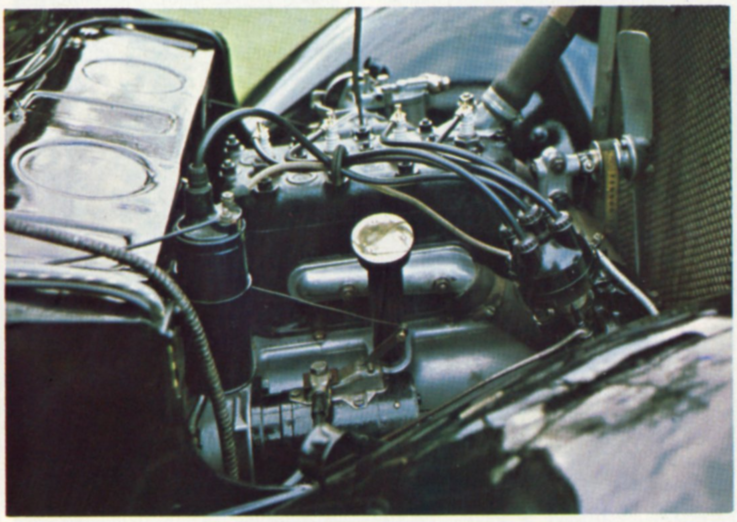

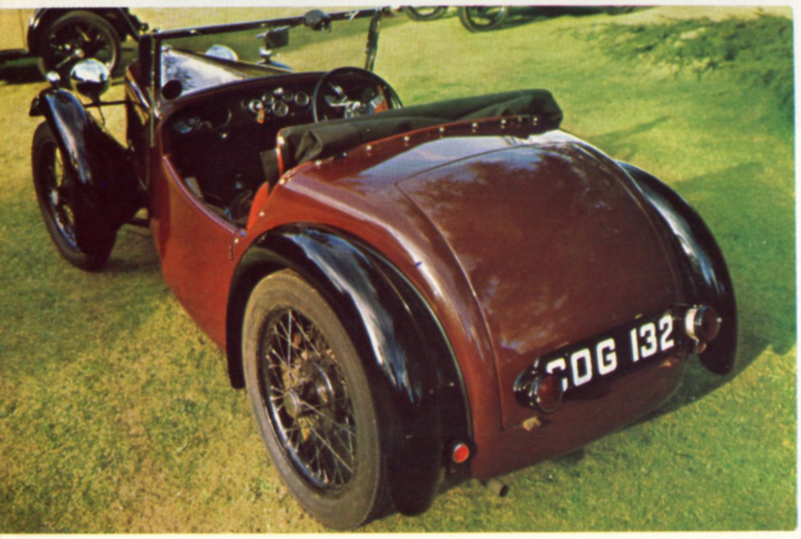

Main picture, opposite page: A much travelled 60 mph 1932 Austin Seven saloon, which has clocked up more than 244,000 miles since new. It's been with its present owner for more than 20 years. Supporting pictures, this page, top: No, not a Seven but an Austin Ten two-seater, which nevertheless still packed in all the numerous attributes of its cousin, the Seven. Second: Two 1938 Austin Seven Pearl Cabriolets. Third: A 1928 Seven Chummy, which was purchased about 16 years ago for £26. Left: Another view of the 1936 Nippy, shown on the previous pages. Above: Little dynamo – engine of a 1934 saloon (the Tee Shirt Seven) which was bought from scrap for £20 a few years ago. Its current estimated value? About £1,000. Far right: Another, 1928 Austin Seven Chummy. Right: A 1936 Seven Ruby saloon which was rescued from the breaker, and restored in 1972. The upholstery, mechanical parts and engine are all original, the latter having once been rebored. This car is still in daily use.

on very well after what initial shyness there was had worn off. There was a good ratio of boys to girls and quite a number of relationships started up. Not me though. I rather prefer slightly older men, and those on the tour were in my own age group, around 22, so I didn't have an affair with any of them.' She grins mischievously. 'I'm not saying that I became a temporary virgin. I mean you've got to do *something* at nights, haven't you, and the old songs round the camp-fire bit becomes a shade boring after a while. I'll say one thing though. Having had the chance to compare the techniques of older men and younger men at first hand, I'm even more struck by older men. They have all the finesse and confidence that comes with

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got over the shock of seeing such a truly tiny car, they grasped its very real merits. It had a water cooled four cylinder engine. In unit with this was a three speed and reverse gearbox. There was a proper drive to the back axle, by a part open, part torque-tube-enclosed shaft. The back axle was a spiral bevel driven affair with semi-floating half-shafts, a differential, and proper ball-bearings. There was a spare wheel; tyres were a bit slender – 26 × three – but for such a lightweight vehicle this was permissible. There was a hood, even side-curtains opening with the doors and, final triumph of the specification, electric lighting from an engine-driven dynamo, which also made possible an electric horn.

This was real Big-Car-in-Miniature stuff. Indeed, as a final cock-a-snoot at cyclecardom, and at many other little vehicles that thought themselves a cut above this – the air cooled, flat-twin Rover Eight for instance – the Austin Seven actually had four-wheel brakes. Sir Herbert was cautious. He used very small brake drums and let the foot pedal operate the back brakes only, so that steering would not be affected. In an emergency the Baby Austin driver could reach for the central hand lever and haul on the front brakes. In fact, Austin Seven brakes were never much cop. But on paper at least the new 1923 Seven had a system of (all-wheel) braking that was to become universal for all but Model-T (which never went in for this expensive front-brake frivolity), the Chevrolet and the Jowett, a couple of years hence.

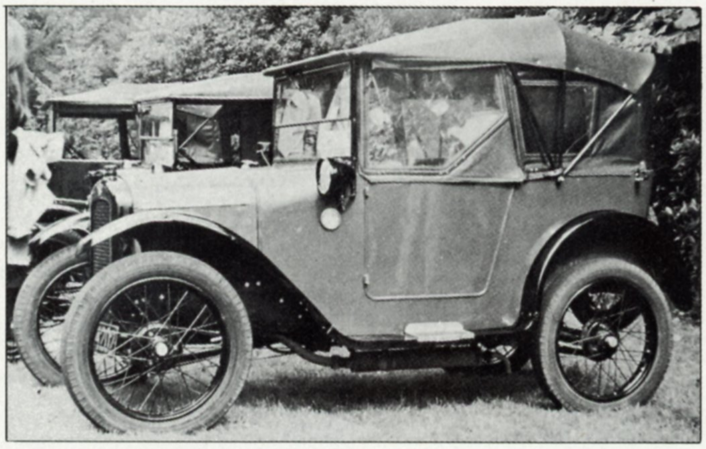
Under the circumstances the Baby Austin could hardly fail to be a success. It cost £225 when announced in 1922 but this was drastically reduced, to £165, before production began in 1923. Sales were easily achieved. The funny little car was seen to be well made, and quite practical. It was a splendid tender to the bigger cars kept at country houses; it was what every District Nurse and flapper-girl needed; and when it began to win important races, chaps saw in the sporting Seven, a means of getting some sound competition motoring on the cheap.

Those who were Austin advocates of long standing must have been pleased to note the manner in which the gas and ignition levers above the Seven's steering wheel matched in miniature those of the massive Austin Twenty, and Austin Twelve. All these factors united to send the Seven on its successful career, to an eventual output of more than 300,000 of the little blighters.

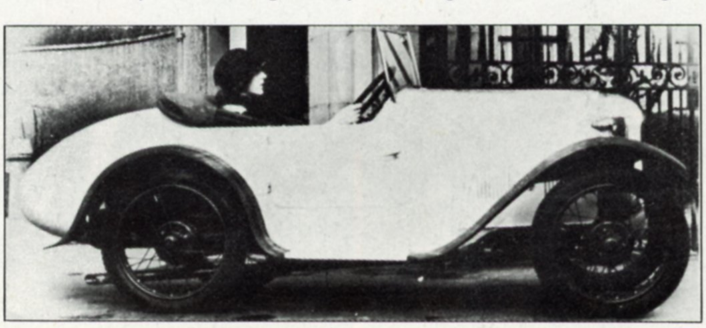
It was soon available in saloon (both metal and fabric), coupé, sports two-seater, van and other coachwork permutations. Gordon England sponsored a very nice-looking 75 mph 'Brooklands' racing two-seater. From 1924 onwards the 750 cc class of the Junior Car Club's great 200 Mile Race round Brooklands Track was dominated by racing Austin Sevens. It can be said that the category was introduced especially for them and that there was never any opposition, apart from a lone French Ratier in later years. Nevertheless, the speeds attained, even when corners were introduced for this race, showed up the famous Baby Austin in a very favourable light.

Sir Herbert had most certainly produced a genuine scaled-down big car. But he effected certain economies. For instance, he tried to get away with elimination of an electric starter. The intended substitute was a drum and cable affair, the handle of which the driver pulled briskly upwards while sitting in his seat. Other makes had tried similar devices, notably the cockpit kick-starter of the Horstman. But to his credit Sir H. soon saw the folly of such skimping and fitted a proper (six volt) starter. It projected into the front compartment, but in the 1920s this was scarcely noticed. He used a very simple chassis frame as another economy. It was A-shaped, the arms of the 'A' forming the side members. Across the nose piece there was anchorage for the transverse front spring. In this Sir H. copied the Model-T Ford and perhaps the Bébé Peugeot. It saved on spring leaves and spring mountings. It also proved detrimental to fast cornering, although the later sports Sevens with dropped front axles, got round corners well enough. The length of those side members having been skimped (maybe to save weight as well as material) the bodies used soon to sag at the back, the doors 'gap', and the aluminium to crack. But no car is perfect!

Another economy was using an undrilled crankshaft, made possible by having ball and roller main-bearings, which could be lubricated by oil mist, and feeding the plain big ends from jets through which oil was squirted by the oil pump. As the race-worthy 16 valve Brescia Bugattis used a similar oiling arrangement and set of bearings, Austin was at least in good company.



1926 Chummy. The Seven gave way to the Big Seven and Austin Eight.



1927 Austin Seven Swallow, allowed cheap entry into motor racing.

On the road, as on the circuits, the Austin Seven gained success after success. Sales rose, prices fell. Specialist coachbuilders went for Baby-baiting in a big way, usually with sports bodywork, although not in every case – there were the Gordon England flexible-mounted fabric saloons, with roll-back sun roof, the boat-decked Burghley two-seaters, various elegant cab-like two seaters, and I once had a Seven coupé by Mulliner. William Lyons was quick to put his egg-like saloon bodies on Seven chassis. Licences were taken out for the production of Sevens, slightly modified, in America (the Bantam), in Germany (the Dixi) and in France (the Rosengart). It was such a useful, friendly, dependable, 45 mpg sort of car that it was universally invested in, especially as by 1927 the price of the chassis was down to £99, the tourer was available for only £145, a saloon from the Austin works cost £150, and tradesmen could have a van for £140. The Ulster, based on a car Waite had raced in the Irish Tourist Trophy sports car contest, was a low-hung, pointed-tail car that made all the right noises and was enormous fun, if not very fast, unless you bought it in supercharged form. I have always regarded the Ulster Austin as far more a car in the vintage tradition than the first of the MG Midgets. But it cost £225 in blown form.

The Seven was such a cheeky little thing that it was readily forgiven its weak brakes, the dashboard button that served in lieu of an oil gauge and dribbled dirty lubricant onto silk stockings and Oxford bags. The engine in its earlier small-crankshaft, magneto-ignition form had a bad vibration period, the lamps were never very good (originally the headlamps were mounted on the scuttle) and there were no such luxuries in the standard cars as wooden facias or elaborate instrument layouts, but you were confronted proudly by Austin's patents' plate.

The engine really was fit for a baby car. It had a capacity of only 696 cc as first drawn, it is said in the billiard room of Sir

turn to page 74

experience and they really know how to make a girl feel loved and wanted. Now most younger guys will be more concerned with trying to show off their virility and staying power. Sex with them tends to become an endurance course. What they don't realise is that sex can still be fantastic even if it only lasts a few minutes. They have the same mentality about penis size, thinking that a girl will be impressed by a big one; and of course it's not what you've got, but how you use it that really counts. I remember that when I was 16, I first went on the pill. My friends at the Commercial High School in East London weren't in the slightest bit shocked. Does that surprise you? South Africa may have morality laws, but they just tend to drive everything underground. When I first came over here, I dated two black guys, just on a platonic basis, to find out what they were like. We got on well. I used to think that a 5 feet 6 inch blonde with a 35–23–35 figure had a lot to fear from black men. I'm pleased to find I was wrong. Just shows how travel does broaden the mind!'

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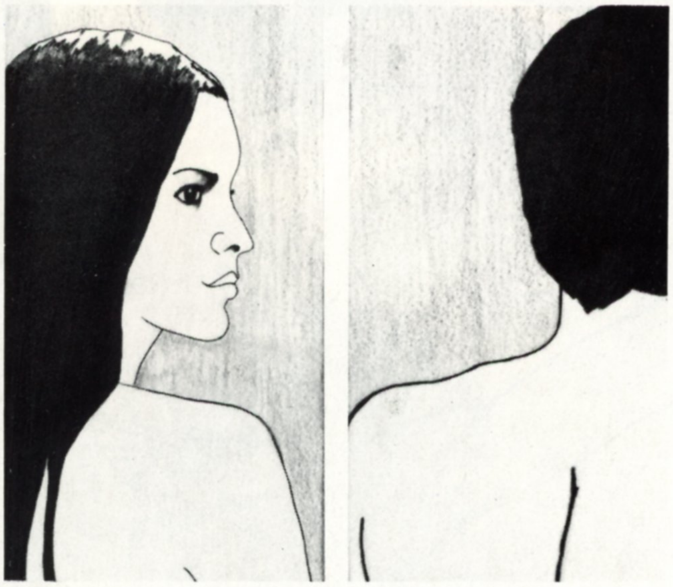

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The Magnificent Sevens

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Herbert's house, to avoid prying eyes. He soon increased this to 747 cc, perhaps to help his newly-born in racing, as the top limit in Class H was 750 cc and as the smaller engine was rated at 7.2 RAC hp it would, as the enlarged unit did, command an annual tax in those faraway days of £8 anyway. This is rather droll, inasmuch as when a kindly Government (a rarity in itself) kept a £6 and a £7 annual tax in existence for the really small cars, thinking to help the workers who then drove to factories in Baby Austins, it didn't qualify, and by that date there could not have been so many 7/17 Jowetts and Peugeots that did!

The enormous success of the lovable Seven not only saved the day for the Austin Motor Company, which had been heading towards financial disaster in spite of the popularity of its post war Austin Twenty, but it forced others to make baby cars. There was the Morris Minor, the Singer Junior, the Triumph Super Seven, the Morris Eight and the Ford Eight, along the years, not to mention odd-balls like the Swift Cadet and Clyno Nine. None dared to use quite such a tiny propellant as the Austin however, which thus remains the true baby-car of its day and age. Mostly the others had an extra 100 cc to play with, while the Morris Eight was a 918 cc job and the stylish Ford Eight started off with 933 cc. Morris put the camshaft upstairs for a time, Triumph offered hydraulic brakes and a three-bearing crankshaft, both Morris, with a spartan two-seater, and Ford, with a saloon, got prices down to £100. But still the great little Seven soldiered on.

Sir Herbert had encouraged the building of racing and record breaking versions, so that although MG got first to 100 mph with a 750 cc car and soon held every Class-H record on the books, Austin went remarkably well on side-by-side valves, reaching as high as 122·74 mph for a two-way kilometre at Southport sands in 1934. And the twin cam single-seaters that Austin built in 1935/6 were the finest Class-H racing cars the world ever saw, or is likely to see again – you should take a close and careful look at them in the Donington race car museum.

For many years the British motoring scene was Austin Seven dominated. The RAC horse-power tax had killed off the 23 hp Model-T Ford. The modern Ford Eight was some years away. It was the Austin Seven, shaking off the Rover Eight, never recognising the solid-tyred Trojan two-stroke, that scuttled down country lanes, under the wheels of traction engines, across the tram-lines in busy cities, taking the children to school, the Vicar to church, the housewife shopping.

But you can't deny the march of time. The brilliant Seven began to date. Yet I think that because Sir H. refused to alter it very much that it retained its charm to the very end. He allowed coupled brakes (1931), six more inches on the wheelbase (1933), a four speed gearbox, a lower (5.25 to 1) axle ratio (instead of 4.9 to 1) and eventually put the petrol tank at the back of the car. Towards the end, 17 inch tyres replaced 19 inch covers; 14 mm sparking plugs were used, the power going up from 13½ to 17 bhp; and eventually a pressure-fed three-bearing crankshaft arrived in June 1936. The Ruby saloon had a radiator grille, and more flowing lines, and later Girling brakes. It remained perhaps the best low cost car for those who refused to listen to the blandishments of Ford.

The Seven died with the war, or slightly before that. It had appealed to the Army, had acted as a runabout to noblemen; had been the first car to innumerable impecunious youths. It had endeared itself to so many owners. A journalist wrote in *The Autocar* of his yellow Austin 7 saloon 'The Mustard Pot' and Sammy Davis, noted racing driver and writer, not only performed on road and track in the faster versions of the Seven but took one of the very early Chummy models all the way to the Riviera. Others drove them round the World. I can claim that all three of my now grown-up daughters were driven away from maternity homes in a 1934 Seven 4 speed saloon.

Today, the Austin Seven thrives almost as if it were still in production. The 750 Motor Club, which I founded and for whose name I fought, sees to that, and there is a flourishing vintage Austin Seven section. You cannot kill a good car!

Which are the best seats on an airliner? How do you make sure your meal is served first? What's the best way to meet a stewardess? Michael Rines shows how to outpace the international jet set – with a minimum of effort

The plane man's guide to air craft and cunning

It is always demoralising to be a novice among experts, and there are few environments where the novice stands out so awkwardly as in the world of air travel. The clumsy, worried efforts of the uninitiated are in stark contrast with the bored, unflurried sophistication of the seasoned member of the international jet set. Fortunately, even the rawest beginner can learn quickly how to get on equal terms with these superior beings if he will take the trouble to memorise a few simple rules that have been distilled from extensive research among experienced travellers.

The absolute first essential qualification of the experienced passenger is that he should at all times look bored but confident. Even if he is lost, or confused, or late, he should try to look serene and unflustered. Above all, he should keep under control any childish enthusiasm he may have for travel and especially for flying. Of course, if he does *know* what he is doing, it is relatively easy for the traveller and the process should start long before he reaches the airport.

The first step is to choose a route that takes in a stop where the duty-free facilities are good. Rome, for example, is hopeless, while Paris Orly is little better. Amsterdam, on the other hand, is excellent.

The next step is the choice of airline, and here the experienced traveller does not trouble to differentiate. He simply chooses the flight that takes off at the most convenient time, and will of course know the flights on which meals are served. In fact, it is only the travel bore who goes around expressing opinions about the relative merits of the airlines.

On the day of the flight, the sophisticate will dress casually in the kind of clothes that befit the climate into which he is flying. He will most definitely not wear his best formal suit unless the flight is a short one and he has an appointment almost as soon as he lands. He will take with him as little as possible, and will avoid suitcases of a size that mean they have to travel in the baggage hold of the aircraft. Failure to do so can cause interminable delays at the other end as he waits for his bags to be unloaded and conveyed in battered condition to the arrivals hall. It is far better if he limits himself to a small case or soft hold-all small enough to fit under the aircraft seat.

It is also useful if the hold-all is of a shape and size that will take duty free bottles lengthwise. The alternative is to have them poking precariously out of a carrier bag that cannot be fastened, or to carry them separately in a plastic bag which will be a considerable nuisance when he is carrying his other bag and fumbling for his passport at the same time. If it is completely impossible to get all his possessions into one hold-all, the experienced traveller takes a garment holder – one of those long, floppy bag-like receptacles into which suits can be put without being folded. The airlines allow them to be put on the luggage rack inside the passenger cabin.

It is necessary to say a few important words at this point about the labelling of luggage. Some misguided would-be members of the jet-set think that the way to impress is to plaster their bags liberally with labels on every trip and never take them off. They should be advised, however, that such an exhibition is the surest sign of the amateur and that the seasoned traveller always removes the old stick-on labels, though perhaps casually failing to remove absolutely the last trace. As for tie-on labels, these should be ripped off, leaving no more than the string and a remnant of card knotted on the handle of the case.

But although the seasoned traveller scorns old labels, he does make sure that he has the correct ones for his current trip on each item of baggage several times over. He does this because he knows of the skill displayed by the airlines in despatching passengers one way round the world and their bags the other way.

Before leaving the office or home for the air terminal, the wise passenger telephones the airline to ensure that his flight is going to leave on time. If he always does this he is likely to save many hours waiting in the tedious airport environment. And when he does decide to check-in he will know that, where there is an in-town terminal, that is the best place to check-in. The reason for this is that if there is an over-booking on the flight (and some airlines do overbook deliberately) those who have checked in at the terminal get preference over those who have checked in at the airport. This does unfortunately mean indulging in the traumatic ride out to the airport in one of the airlines' double-decker buses if you are flying British Airways.

Having arrived at the airport, the passenger must start to implement the tactics necessary to ensure that he gets the seat he wants on the aircraft. The first step is to find out from the airline staff which gate the flight will be called to and at what time. This should be done before the information is made public. Then the advanced passenger arrives at the gate one minute before the flight is called, thus ensuring he is in a position to be first through the gate into the forward lounge or gate room.

On arrival here, two possible situations face the traveller. He may find that seats are assigned, in which case he will be able to ask for and get his choice because he is early in the queue. If seats are not assigned, then he will have to find out which door the passengers leave by and so position himself that he can get through it first.

But before he can do this the passenger has to undergo the security check. This takes the form of a search of his hand baggage, which is in most cases perfunctory in the extreme, and a personal search. The latter could be a simple frisking, male passengers being attended to by an apologetic male frisker, and females by an embarrassed female frisker. The passenger, however, need not feel apprehensive about an assault on his or her modesty because the friskers appear to assume that would-be hijackers would not be so unsporting as to conceal weapons in embarrassing places. Incidentally, the sophisticated male traveller would never display such bad taste as to present himself for searching by the female frisker.

In some cases the personal frisking has been superseded by metal detectors through which the passenger is required to walk. This presents no problem unless the continued beating of your heart happens to depend on an artificial pace-maker. And again some of the devices used are capable of ruining photographic film or tape recordings, though the spoiling of such items is rather less important than interference with the bodily mechanism.

Having got out of the departure lounge, once again two alternative situations may face the passenger. He may simply have to walk a short distance either down a gangway or across the airfield itself, in which case he will easily be able to get into the aircraft among the first. But the other possibility is that the passengers are to be ferried out to the aircraft by bus. If this is so,

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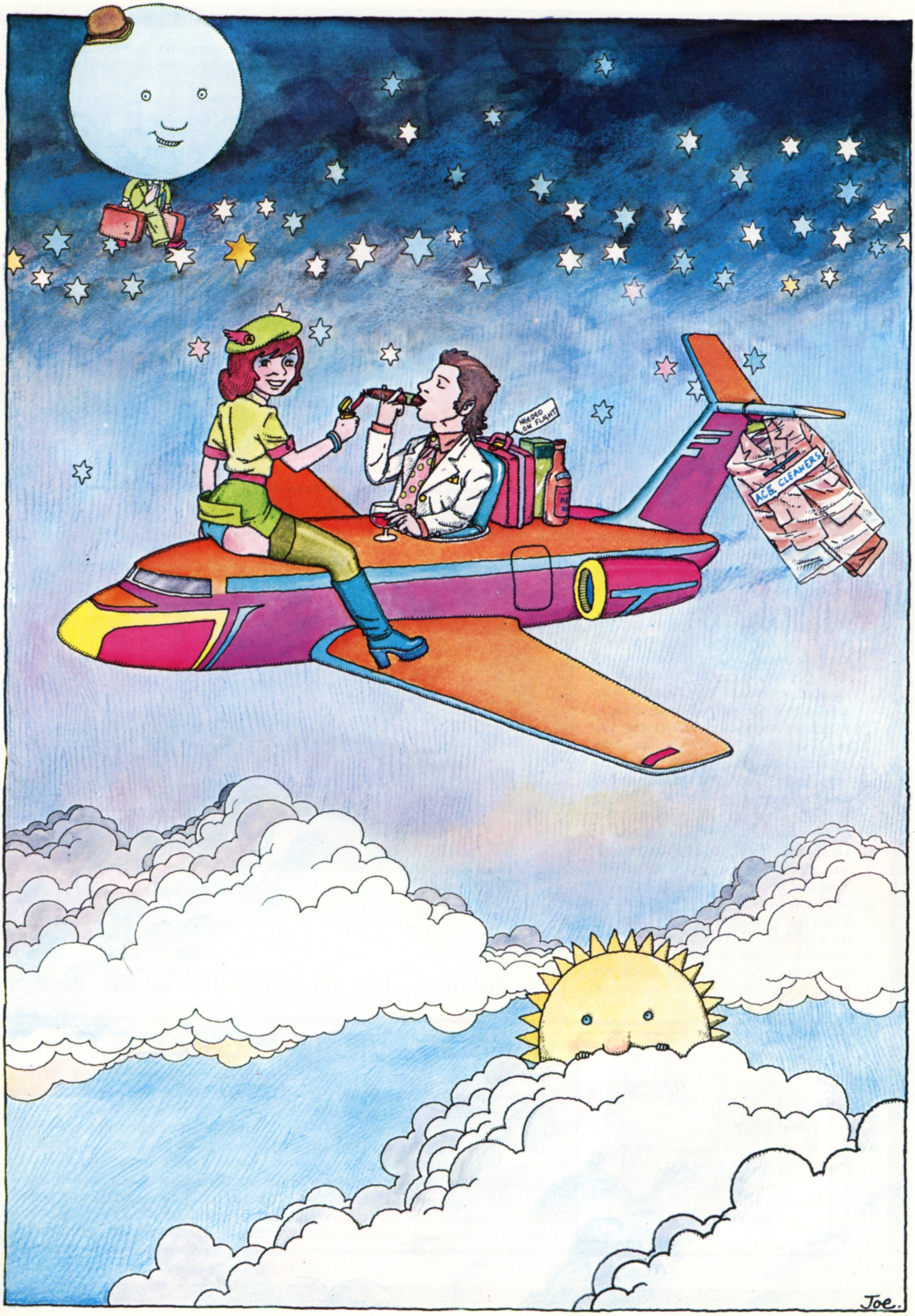
ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT


NEEDED ON FLIGHT
ACE CLEANERS
Joe.

The plane man's guide

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the wise passenger will ensure that he stands (not sits) in the bus at a point near the exit door which, just to confuse matters, is often not the door he entered by. A check with the air hostess will provide the answer. If he has got it right he will, once again, be in the van of those boarding the aircraft.

Having entered the aircraft ahead of his fellows, the advanced passenger will proceed to the seat of his choice, collecting on his way a free newspaper from the rack provided on one of the bulkheads (later passengers will find that the airlines never provide enough for everybody). But now comes the crucial question – which seat to go for. The answer is a matter of considerable difference of opinion in detail, but one or two points are clear.

It is often considered preferable to sit in the row of seats next to the emergency exits because there is more leg room (the airline has to provide an extra four inches of space so that passengers can get to the exit in an emergency). Of course if the leg room is of no concern, there are other considerations. It is always quieter to sit away from the engines, so the passenger should note where they are before boarding. Again, the rear of the aircraft is safer, but it is better not to sit too far back if the engines are at the rear. And those who cannot overcome the immature excitement of looking out of the window to watch the ground going by will avoid sitting on top of the wing. Then again, if getting his meal served before the mob is important, it is possible to check the airline practice about which end is served first.

Having chosen the row he prefers, the next decision to be made is which seat in the row. If the passenger is so unsophisticated as to need a window to look out of, then I suppose nothing said in this article will save him, but he should bear in mind the fact that it is harder for the cabin staff to pass things to him in that position and he will have to serve himself up to a point. Also, if he wishes to leave his seat for any reason, he will have to fight his way past whoever is in the gangway seat, plus one other if he is in a row of three.

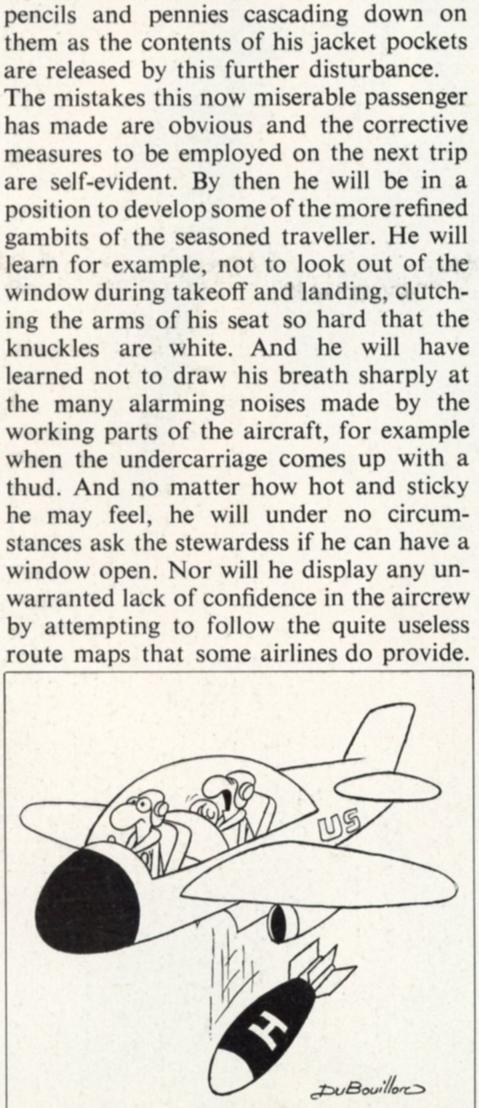
There are no such problems with a gangway seat. However, the ideal is to travel with a friend or colleague and to choose a row of three, leaving the middle seat empty, save for a coat or a bag placed on the seat to warn off other passengers. If that seat can be kept free it is of inestimable value as a dumping ground for bags, newspapers etc. It also means it is possible to lean that way without embarrassing one's neighbour, and from this it must be obvious that the worst seat is in the middle one of three, because the unfortunate occupant dare not lean either way when he wishes to sleep.

We now come to the important routine for taking one's seat, and this is where the inexperienced so often give themselves away. They hoist their bag up onto the luggage rack and then sit down in the window seat. Two passengers then sit in the remaining two seats of the row, but no sooner have they made themselves comfortable than the novice asks them if they would mind moving out into the gangway again so that he can take his jacket off and put it on the overhead rack. This done, our man sits down again, but feels distinctly uncomfortable because he is sitting on his seat belt. He now has to shift around in his seat until he can wriggle it out from under himself.

Next the stewardess takes his case and carrier bag full of duty free from the overhead rack (because only soft objects which would not crack passengers' skulls if they fell off may be carried there) and passes them via the passengers in the outside seats to our struggling novice. To get them under his seat at this stage involves him in further undignified shuffling.

Later in the flight, he will cause further disturbance to his fellow passengers. First, he will decide to go to the loo just after meals and drinks have been served and this involves them in some interesting balancing acts. Then when he has to pay for his drinks he finds that he has left his wallet in his jacket up on the shelf – so the long-suffering pair next to him are up on their feet again. And of course when our man is handed an immigration form to fill in, he does not know his passport number and inevitably his passport is in his jacket. So, up they get again clutching their drinks and lighted cigarettes as he struggles past with pens, pencils and pennies cascading down on them as the contents of his jacket pockets are released by this further disturbance.

The mistakes this now miserable passenger has made are obvious and the corrective measures to be employed on the next trip are self-evident. By then he will be in a position to develop some of the more refined gambits of the seasoned traveller. He will learn for example, not to look out of the window during takeoff and landing, clutching the arms of his seat so hard that the knuckles are white. And he will have learned not to draw his breath sharply at the many alarming noises made by the working parts of the aircraft, for example when the undercarriage comes up with a thud. And no matter how hot and sticky he may feel, he will under no circumstances ask the stewardess if he can have a window open. Nor will he display any unwarranted lack of confidence in the aircrew by attempting to follow the quite useless route maps that some airlines do provide.



'What did you say that red button was for?'

By about the third trip, if he is an assiduous student, he will have learned to look bored but unafraid. He will resist the temptation to chat up the stewardesses, but will instead have found out in advance which hotel they are staying in and will have made his own reservation there. If he is particularly numerate, he may even have the exhilarating experience of catching out the cabin staff fiddling the exchange rates on his purchases.

Even when the flight is over there are a number of ploys that can stand the conscientious learner in good stead. If he really wants to get out of the aircraft fast, he must start his preparations before the aircraft's engines are switched off. If he is out of his seat with his belongings fast he can gain about ten rows on his slower fellows in the race to get out, though of course pole position in this particular race depends on his having chosen a gangway seat in the first place. And if the passengers are to be taken from the aircraft by coach all the tactics used at the airport of embarkation will be brought into play again.

Once in the terminal building, the passenger must resist the temptation to go through Customs without any baggage he may have in the hold, otherwise he will be faced with the difficulty of working his way backwards through a one-way system that is rigidly and enthusiastically operated by the airport bureaucracy.

The wise passenger will have planned his arrival at the other end as carefully as he planned the flight itself. He will know that taking an airport-based taxi, particularly at Heathrow can cost him a small fortune. He will wherever possible have arranged for a car to be sent out to meet him, which is far cheaper. And where this is not possible he will have found at least one other passenger on the aircraft who is willing to share a cab with him.

In the course of his apprenticeship, the trainee passenger will acquire innumerable skills that will mark him out from the rabble. He will, for instance, know the deep impression that is created on the other passengers if he has adjusted his watch to the time in the country of destination before the captain announces it.

And imagine the effect on his fellows when he fills in his passport number etc. on the immigration form from memory. Contrast that with the embarrassment he suffered in his early days when, flying back into the UK, he committed the appalling *faux pas* of filling in an immigration form.

The high water mark (or more appropriately) the apogee of the dedicated airline passenger's career comes with an act that is the hallmark of the man who has truly arrived in the world of travel. Because he has arrived, he will perform the deed with never a hint of pleasure, nor a wince at its expense, but only an inward and well concealed glow of pride. After all, no man finds it easy to buy a first class ticket just so that he can savour the unique experience of turning down the six course meal, waving away the free drinks and requesting instead a glass of iced water and a pillow, and then going to sleep . . .

LUCY

REPRISE FOR A PRIZE BRUNETTE

August 1973 was a pretty average month. We had our traditional Summer sleet, petrol was cheap and the football season started. In one respect though, the month was remarkable, for the appearance in *Mayfair* of 19-year-old Lucy Lunn from Romney Marsh in Kent. She socked it to you all to such an extent that appeals for an encore started to reach us only days after the issue had been on sale. Although we knew that Lucy was a natural for another *Mayfair* pictorial, art studies at the Midland polytechnic which she attended claimed her unstinting attention, as did the prospect of a six month study tour of the continent. 'When I've finished my course,' promised Lucy in her endearing little-girl voice, 'I'll be seeing you again.' True to her word, Lucy recently contacted us. 'Are you still interested in me?' she wondered. Eyeing the bulky Lucy Lunn file in our offices provided all the excuses we needed to arrange a photo-session there and then. Our confidence in Lucy's appeal was confirmed instantly we caught sight of her again, for her 5 feet 1 inch, 38–24–36 is now

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seven

In this second part of our series on the sexual effect of shocking speech, Quest examines that most common aspect of sexuality, the risque conversation. Most of us have enjoyed the sexual undercurrent that flows in mixed company when the talk turns to intimate matters or perhaps a slightly 'off colour' sexy story. The result is mild titillation, but usually it leads to nothing more than that. However, to some women, the open discussion of sexual needs and desires, even when referred to in an apparently objective way, can lead to a softening of sexual resistance, so that they find themselves submitting to an advance that in other circumstances they might never have considered seriously or even have taken active steps to avoid.

softer, rounder and more sensual. Where before was uncertainty is now confidence and doubts regarding her looks have been replaced by an awareness of her own sexuality. 'I've been having fun,' she announced in answer to our question as to how the past year or so had been spent. 'I've finished my course and now have a certificate saying I can draw and paint properly; I've had a great six months on the continent and I'm not worried about being booby any more. I've also fulfilled my ambition to put Romney Marsh on canvas, had a very drunken and debauched twenty-first birthday party and sold my old Morris 1000 and bought an equally ancient TR4. One thing I haven't been is idle!' She smiles. 'I'll bet you're just burning to know about my sex life too, aren't you?' She leans forward, teasingly cradling a heavy breast in her hand. 'It's smashing,' she whispers conspiratorially, 'I've discovered that my breasts are very sensitive so if they're stroked gently, I get very fruity and passionate. Remember how I used to be a bit self-conscious about my breasts? Well, I've found they're my biggest asset, if you'll pardon the pun. Men just can't seem to keep their eyes off them. Or their hands either!'

INTRODUCTION

Few women will admit that they will indulge in sex without some kind of verbal preamble, either a gentle and prolonged coaxing that may last many weeks, or its most extreme opposite, a terse invitation that by its very urgency, can bring the woman to almost instant 'boil.' Last month we examined the effect of verbal sex through the medium of the sexy phone call. This month we look at an aspect of sexy speech that is perhaps more common: the bold conversation that gently and imperceptibly undermines the resistance of male or female, leading them into a sexual stituation they might otherwise have never considered seriously.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Secretary, 18 years old, dark haired, town of origin Worcester

This interviewee, an attractive and vivacious girl, had been the only child of elderly parents. At the time of the interview she had just become engaged and was working in the office of a large manufacturing firm.

Quest: Why do you believe your life would have been different if you had been given better sex education at school?

Secretary: I don't want to start a big sort of educational criticism thing. I just feel if I'd known a bit more about feelings earlier I would have found it easier to cope.

Quest: Cope with sex generally?

Secretary: More practically, I mean. We had the theory and sort of general advice, but it didn't stop you listening to all the dirty stories going round or pawing through library books for the naughty bits.

Quest: You found that on-turning?

Secretary: I mean talking about sex. That's quite on-turning.

Quest: You find talking like this is turning you on?

Secretary: A bit, yes. Exciting. Don't worry I'm not going to attack you.

Quest: Please feel free. Are you saying you shouldn't be turned on when you talk about sex? Do you talk about sex with your fiancé?

Secretary: Of course I talk about sex with Geoff. We talk about everything. That's one reason I love him.

Quest: And what happens as a result?

Secretary: We end up in bed. We even talk when we're doing it.

Quest: When you're having intercourse?

Secretary: When we're making love.

Quest: What sort of things do you say to each other?

Secretary: I tell Geoff what I like, what I'd like him to do, where to touch me, how I'm enjoying it. And he does the same.

Quest: Where do you like him to touch you?

Secretary: Between my legs, in my fur, he says – no I can't say it –

Quest: Try.

Secretary: He says my thing – my clitty – is very large; he looked it up in a book. Now look how you've made me blush. Can I just stop a minute –

(Here the interview is resumed after a short break.)

Quest: Why do you feel guilty about being turned on by talking about sex frankly?

Secretary: I suppose I feel I shouldn't. It should be a part of everything else. At the same time it's something special between Geoff and me. I just wanted to sort that out.

Quest: You feel if you could have talked more openly without embarrassment your sex life would have been happier at first?

Secretary: Less abrupt, yes.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Secretary: I had this boyfriend. He wasn't much older than me. Mark, his name was. He was still at school like me and we were both going on to teacher training college, perhaps get engaged there. All big plans, you know. And my parents were pleased because he was a nice steady lad.

Quest: Did you have sex with him?

Secretary: We petted. I let him feel my breast, under my blouse, after a dance once. Not exactly Kama Sutra was it! But I was very strictly brought up. My mother wouldn't have let me go out with Mark if there'd been any suggestion of that.

Quest: He was no more intimate than that?

Secretary: We French kissed – he was quite good at that, I remember. He was very inexperienced, quite shy really. I think he wanted to go further. He asked me once for a feel.

Quest: Of your breasts?

Secretary: No, in my knickers. We were kissing at my front door late one night. He asked if he could put his hand up my skirt. He didn't want to stick his fingers anywhere. He just asked if he could feel me through the front of my knickers.

Quest: And you refused?

Secretary: I bit his head off. I didn't mean to, he was terribly taken aback. I felt quite sorry for him. But it upset me, you see. I couldn't cope with that. If he'd just done it I'd probably still have been angry, but it would have been easier next time. Or perhaps I wouldn't have been angry. But he should have tried. Not said.

Quest: You wanted coaxing?

Secretary: Really I did. Not that I went without that.

Quest: Who coaxed you?

Secretary: There was this older boy I used to see a lot at dances. I never danced with him. I suppose because Mark was there. He was really grown up – you know, probably just 19 or 20, but that's the kind of flower of male maturity when you're only young. He had these lovely Paul Newman sort of eyes – you know, blue and piercing, laughing. All my friends thought he was fantastic. Some of them said they'd been out with him, but I knew they hadn't. He was a bit rough – he had a job on one of the local farms – and he was a real man. You knew he'd try something and more than likely succeed if you ever got near him. That frightened them a bit and made him all the more interesting. I thought he was marvellous!

Quest: But you met him?

Secretary: At a party. One of the boyfriends of a girlfriend of mine knew him and I went along with a couple of other girls. I don't know where Mark was. Actually I probably just didn't tell him. Jack – that was his name – had a cottage near the farm where he worked, and he was always having wild parties there. Everyone knew about them. There were all sorts of stories among the kids in my group. You know, orgies, pot smoking; apparently at one of them a couple of girls had been wandering about stark naked and one of them had challenged him to do it, have intercourse, right there in front of everyone. And he had. I'd heard that from another friend – not the ones I went with – I don't think they knew. Anyway it turned out to be quite ordinary. Some weird-looking hippy sort of types wandering about, but no one was being outrageous. I think some of them were smoking upstairs but they didn't make it obvious. I didn't see Jack until quite late, after midnight and I'd had a good deal of cider. I thought that would stop me getting squiffy. I only realised later it was the strong stuff. Then I saw him talking to this girl in the corner. She was very pretty and I remember feeling terribly jealous. I was convinced she was his mistress or one of the girls in the story I'd heard. And all of a sudden he was staring back at me. I thought I'd just melt away. My heart was thumping.

Quest: Go on.

Secretary: Well, I pretended to be buttering some bread that was on the table near me. All cack-handedly. I must have been so obvious staring at him like that. And the next moment he was right next to me, asking me how I liked the party, and what my name was. I could hardly give him an answer.

Quest: Were you turned on by him?

Secretary: I didn't know how I felt. It was just so incredible he'd come and talked to me. My tummy was all squeamy.

Quest: What did you talk about?

Secretary: I asked him if the girl he'd been talking to was his girlfriend and he said, 'No, she just wants me to go to bed with her.' I nearly fainted. The thought of a girl just going up to a man and saying that. In my wildest dreams I couldn't imagine doing that. I don't know how I got it out but I asked if he was going to. And he said,

'No, she's a rotten screw. She comes too quick. I've only got to touch her and she's shaking like a leaf.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Secretary: He was having me on, I know that now. I don't think he even knew the girl properly. But I believed every word. I was really shocked. I'd never been that open with Mark or any other boy. I knew the words, of course, but to say them – I was excited too. I couldn't think of anything to say. Half of me – my parent half – thought, 'You've got to go now.'

Quest: Which half won?

Secretary: He said, 'I've got this fascinating friend upstairs who'd love to meet you. Why don't you come and say hello?' So like an idiot I went. The cottage was just three rooms; one big one downstairs and two little ones on either side of a little landing upstairs. There were no lights on, just the glow from downstairs through the open door. We went into one of the rooms and there was this funny musky smell – pot, I suppose. And there was this fellow with a pair of those John Lennon glasses lying on some cushions on the floor. We sat down and Jack talked to him. But the other fellow just began giggling. Then all of a sudden he gave a great groan and said, 'Christ, Christ –' as if he was hurt, and jumped up and staggered out of the room. I didn't know what was happening. I asked Jack if he was all right, wasn't he going to go after him? But he laughed and said it was OK, the other fellow had just had too much to drink. Then he leaned over and kissed me.

Quest: You were still on the floor?

Secretary: Lying on those cushions. I could hardly see him. But God, I thought my heart would burst. I was struggling to hold him properly – I was terrified I'd show him how useless I was, I hardly felt how gorgeous his lips were. He stopped and said, 'What's the matter, love, you're as stiff as a board?' And I felt so terrible I just wanted him to kiss me again and when he did I almost wept, I collapsed onto him. My head was swimming. It all seemed so incredible. And I didn't realise till he practically got my bra off that he was shoving his hand under my sweater. I woke up a bit then and opened my eyes. But I'd slipped down beside him then and he was sort of over and beside me, all big and shadowy in the darkness. He asked me what was the matter but before I could answer he squeezed my nipple. I felt it pop up. My breasts are incredibly sensitive; Geoff's only got to breathe on them now and I get hot and bothered. But I didn't know that then; no man had done that before. So I jumped like a scared rabbit. And of course he pulled away, thinking he'd hurt me. But instead of stopping his hand went straight down my stomach into the top of my knickers. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't believe it. It was so outrageous. And I was ready. I hadn't realised. When he pulled the front of my knickers away I felt the whole seam was damp.

Quest: What happened then?

Secretary: I gasped out for him to stop. He said, 'Don't worry. Nothing's going to happen. I'll tell you,' but he didn't stop. His finger touched the top of my crack and I thought I was seeing stars. God, it was so gorgeous and terrifying. I thought he'd hurt me. I wanted to jerk away but my whole body was singing, throbbing, especially just there. No one had ever done that to me before. Then I felt I was splitting. It was so sweet. My head spun. I knew he'd pushed his finger up me but I couldn't admit it to myself. I daren't stop him, because I'd have to say stop and he might. Then I felt him move again and I had to heave my thighs up at him, I couldn't help myself. I could feel his fingers in me. Then he was twisting and turning. The front of my knicks were pulled right down. And something hot and glorious touched my crack. And pushed and pushed. That did hurt. I thought I was being stretched wide open. And I panicked a bit and called out, 'What are you doing?' Because I knew deep down what was happening, and I wasn't on the pill or anything like that. And he whispered, all breathless, 'Don't you worry love. It's all right. It's all right.' And in one thrust he was in me, right up. I just gasped. I couldn't scream. And he began to hump, bumping me up and down. My body took over. I felt my tummy muscles grip, you know, when you know it's coming whatever you do. And he was gasping, 'Come on, love. Come on, come on!' I remember thinking just, 'God! God! God!' To such a pitch. Then my muscles just gave, there were bright colours everywhere. I could feel him just dimly pumping inside me. And I faded right away.

Quest: How did the relationship continue?

Secretary: When I woke up he was pulling on his jeans by the door. I was lying on my back with my legs still wide apart and my skirt up to my waist. I wanted to say something, I felt so warm towards him. But then another boy appeared at the door and looked at me before I could move and grinned and said, 'Good fuck was she?' at Jack. And he said, 'Not as good as Jeannie' – I forget the name. And got up without even looking back. I ran straight home.

Quest: What effect did that have on your subsequent sex life?

Secretary: I really went off boys for a while. I wanted them but I didn't trust them. Until I met Geoff.

Quest: He was different?

Secretary: I found I could talk to him and everything grew out of that. We have a marvellous relationship.

Quest: Do you still feel guilty about being turned on by frankness?

Secretary: It's a bit easier to live with now.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Barmaid, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Gravesend**

This interviewee had been married at the age of 18 but divorced after three years. Since then she had taken up office work but found she preferred to work as a barmaid. Though she had several boyfriends she had no wish to remarry.

Quest: You say the customers at your pub tell you dirty jokes?

Barmaid: You'd be surprised what they tell you. Things you wouldn't expect to find on a lavatory wall. It really shocked me when I first took up the job.

Quest: What sort of things?

Barmaid: You're going to be as bad as them, aren't you? I can tell. Anyway, I can't remember jokes, I always forget the end. It wasn't just the jokes, it was all sorts of things.

Quest: Can't you say any of them?

Barmaid: You're a persistent devil aren't you? I can't say things like that, right out; not to a bloke. It was mainly about doing it. You know.

Quest: Doing what?

Barmaid: Oh don't be naïve. Making love, having it away.

Quest: With the customers?

Barmaid: Or what they did, or more like wanted to do, with their wives or girlfriends. They were always trying something on with you, though. When do you finish, love? How do you like it, then? And you'd say, 'What did you say?' And they'd say, 'Your drink, love, how d'you like the drink I'm going to buy you?' You don't know how randy a bloke gets by closing time, when he's had a few. Or perhaps you do.

Quest: Surely you attract more comments like that than most?

Barmaid: You're joking. Sylvia, the girl I work with at the moment, is a lovely person but she's no Elizabeth Taylor. She gets just as much chat as me. Fellows'll go after anything if they're in the mood.

Quest: As an outside observer, I'd say you seem the most popular.

Barmaid: Mike, he's the manager, would tell you all about that. You know I wear that low cut blouse, the one with the tie-up sort of ribbon holding it together. That was Mike's idea. He says I've got barmaid's breasts, cheeky devil. Something a man can lay his head on. I'm only about 36, not what I'd call huge, but I have a very narrow back, so I look much bigger. He wanted me to leave my bra off. I wouldn't do that.

Quest: Why not?

Barmaid: What, and have them bouncing around in front of me all evening? I'm not 19 any more, you know. They're not going to stay up on their own. The randy lot in our place would go berserk. Anyway it'd make me feel all, you know, squidgy, throwing them around like that. I'd feel undressed.

Quest: Do the male customers' comments make you feel like that?

Barmaid: A bit, yes. I mean I'm not kinky for it, and I don't like crudity. Some women do. Sylvia's like that. A man's only got to come right out with it, tell he'd really like to, you know, fuck her – I mean use that word – and she's out of her knickers sooner than it takes to say. She can be a right whore sometimes. She once let this elderly bloke touch her up in the snug – when they were alone. I burst in and he's got his hand right up her skirt and she's grinning away, panting like a carthorse. Really enjoying herself. I was so embarrassed. He wasn't even anything special to look at. But when I asked her she just laughed and said he'd come right out and

asked for it, so she thought she'd give him a treat. I ask you. But I like sexy talk, especially when a fellow's got the right way with him. That can be quite near the knuckle. I don't mind that then. I had this boyfriend once, he knew how to turn me on.

Quest: Go on.

Barmaid: It was years ago, before I met my husband. His name was Eric – the boy I mean. Whenever he took me out he'd tell how he'd made love to all these other girls. He used to make me mad with jealousy, I was only a youngster then, you see. But it wasn't just the fact he'd say. He'd go into intimate details, the little sod, and that would really get me going in spite of myself.

Quest: What sort of details?

Barmaid: Nothing crude. The sort of thing you read in porny novels. You know, 'She was wet and open for me; I touched her with my finger and she begged me to take her.' Not exactly like that, but randy, you know.

Quest: Did he ever do what he described?

Barmaid: To me? I suppose he did. I mean some of it. Some of it was plain ridiculous. He said he picked this girl up once – held her – and did it standing up. She put her arms round his neck and he held the cheeks of her bum and he walked around the bedroom, bouncing her on the end of his thing. And every step he made he jerked into her until she had this fantastic orgasm and fainted away and he nearly had his thing ripped off because she flopped onto the floor. I ask you. I might have been a bit naïve but I wasn't bloody stupid.

Quest: But you liked listening to it?

Barmaid: I was squirming like a bitch on heat.

Quest: Tell me how it happened.

Barmaid: So long ago. I only remember the important details. We'd been to a dance, I think. I don't know where. But we came home very late, it must have been the last bus running. I don't think anyone else could have been on it, and we went upstairs, right up the front. It was a good evening. We must have snogged a bit because I remember telling myself, he can have a feel if he likes but he's not putting anything up me. I always make little rules like that because it's so easy just to let it all happen when you start to get carried away. Once you get a reputation for being easy it's bloody difficult to get rid of. But then Eric started talking about my breasts.

Quest: Your breasts?

Barmaid: I was terribly embarrassed about them. I was the first girl in my class to wear a bra. I felt so awkward. No one realises what kids of thirteen and fourteen go through sometimes. They were so big and floppy and they really stuck out. I used to wear really tight sweaters to sort of hide them away. That only made it worse. I used to be afraid to walk down the street down our way because men would stare at me. Anyway, it really pleased me if anyone said they liked them. Eric said just the right thing. He said they were round and firm and beautiful, like some melons he'd seen in the market place. I thought that was great.

Quest: What else did he say?

Barmaid: The randy little sod. He started telling me that standing up sex story, with the girl wrapped round him. He said she'd had beautiful big tits too. He'd been worried how he was going to carry the weight of them.

Quest: And that excited you?

Barmaid: At first I was angry, like I always was. I told him I didn't want to hear about other girls when he was with me. But he knew what it did to me because he'd done it before. So he just grinned and kept going. And he was clever too. He always made it a girl I knew. He said it was a girl who went to this disco club we both liked. She did have a big chest and she was quite short too so he could have lifted her and done it. I'm not saying he did. But they could have done something together easily. I wasn't always with him. He could have screwed her or touched her up. I was never really sure. So I had to listen.

Quest: What did he say they'd done?

Barmaid: He went on about how they'd been petting – heavy petting – and she'd let him put his fingers in her knickers and, you know, right up her, till she was screaming for it. But she wanted him to do it in her mouth because she wasn't on the pill or anything. But he insisted on giving it to her properly.

Quest: Did you still object to that?

Barmaid: I kept telling him, 'I'm not interested, I don't want to hear your filth.' But joking, you know. Only half serious, though I didn't really want to hear it. And he said he'd made her strip off and she'd climbed on his bed and put her arms round him and lowered herself onto his prick. And he'd been terrified because he'd gone in so far, but she'd said, 'Go on, go on, further, further – ' And that's what did it.

Quest: Did what?

Barmaid: Got me going. All of a sudden I felt my insides go all swoosh. All icy and shivery. My heart was banging away. I felt myself get damp almost at once. I must have gone red as a beetroot, because he started grinning like an idiot and piling it on. She was really fabulous, her breasts were brushed up against his chest, he could feel her whole naked body moving round his thing and it squeezed it so hard when she humped herself on him he thought she'd break it off. And while he was saying this he dropped his hand on to my thigh and brought it round and sort of under my bum. I had on this big pleated skirt I wore for dancing so there was nothing much to stop him. He pushed his finger under the knicker elastic right over the crease of my bum. His fingers were hot and sticky on my skin. I just couldn't take a breath. I remember thinking, 'I'll just let him find it and that's it,' but I knew really that it wasn't, and he was still talking, whispering those disgusting fabulous things.

Quest: Did you help him?

Barmaid: I did when he kissed me. He leaned over and began to lick my ear and nibble at it, as he whispered. I went wild. I twisted round and tried to hold him and kiss him all at the same time. I wanted it so much. I really hated him because he'd done that but when I really want it too then nothing on earth'll stop me – I mean if the fellow wants to. And I saw he was huge in his trousers. He was as worked up as I was. But as I turned it sort of freed his hand under my bum and his fingers slipped right under so I was sitting on them with them pressed right up against my fanny. It was like an electric shock. I stopped dead. I remember catching a glimpse of myself in the dark glass. My whole face was one big O. He was so hot and sweet there. And of course you know what a double decker's like at the front.

Quest: How do you mean?

Barmaid: Bumpy, isn't it? Jumps about like a mad thing. A couple of good potholes and he was in me. My weight on top of his hand he couldn't have helped it. I was leaning against him, just swimming in it. My head going round and round. These beautiful, marvellous blissy feelings shooting through all of me. My foot was pressing against the bit of wall in front of me just to force myself further onto his fingers. And his thumb was working backwards and forwards on my little man. I'd have come then if the inspector hadn't arrived.

Quest: A ticket inspector got on?

Barmaid: He was standing right beside us. I didn't even notice till Eric suddenly handed the tickets across. I must have gone pale as a sheet because he asked if I was alright. I realised he couldn't see where Eric's other hand was – he didn't move it at all – but I couldn't speak. So Eric said, 'It's the cold air. Don't worry about it. I'll warm her up.' And the inspector said, 'You get her home sharpish. Give her a hot toddy.' Eric just grinned, the cheeky sod. And as the fellow went away he really rubbed me and I went over the top. I gave a little squeal and came. I'm sure the inspector must have known then because Eric told me he stopped along the gangway and watched us, but he didn't say anything. When we got off he was standing with the conductor who called out something. I didn't hear what it was but I can guess.

Quest: Did you go on to have intercourse with Eric?

Barmaid: I told you, I'd have burst something if I hadn't. We went on to this waste ground near where I lived. God, when I think now of the places I've done it in. It was just a dry place in some bushes. I practically ripped his trousers and he exploded as soon as he got into me. I didn't

mind after the bit on the bus. He didn't have to talk anymore. I just wanted to feel him.

Quest: Has anyone else tried to talk you into bed that way?

Barmaid: They all try it on. They all say what a great girl you are, what fabulous tits you've got, till they've got you between the sheets. But if you mean when I didn't expect it . . .

Quest: You mentioned someone in the pub?

Barmaid: Ted. Randy Ted, that's what Sylvia and I used to call him. Every night he came in he'd have a different dirty joke, a really foul joke. I've never known anyone like him. And he'd try the old chat on with anyone. anything remotely female. Really strong, too. He half had me believing him when I first met him – how he couldn't do without me, what music we'd make together – all the old flannel, till Sylvia told me she'd had exactly the same words the night before.

Quest: Did he ever have any success?

Barmaid: That was it. Someone would always be taken in – he'd bring them into the pub. And he was such an ordinary skinny bloke to look at.

Quest: And knowing all this you still fell for it?

Barmaid: I fell for it. I know it makes me out to be some kind of moron but it didn't work like that.

Quest: How did it work?

Barmaid: We have this arrangement with our best regulars, friends of Mike's really. After closing time they all put money into a kitty and drink up till it's all gone. I know it's bending the law but it doesn't happen often. Well, Ted was usually there. I don't stay as a rule because I've been on my feet till five thirty, but this Saturday night for some reason I did. And Ted went at me hammer and tongs. He had this thing about my breasts. Honestly, sometimes, I don't think men see beyond them.

Quest: What did he say?

Barmaid: He'd got this idea from somewhere about doing it between a pair of really big knockers. You know, putting his thing between them and bringing himself off that way. And he'd come in and tell me about it. He'd say, 'Sal, it's no good. I knocked off this bird last night and her tits wouldn't even cover the top of it. It's going to have to be you, you know. You're the only one with the build.' I'd tell him to go and have a cold shower.

Quest: What did you tell him that night?

Barmaid: I told him he was being too ambitious. He'd just lose sight of it and wouldn't know where he was. He said, 'Right, everybody witness that. She's obviously been thinking about it. She's going to crack tonight.' And of course, I hadn't but I blushed like mad.

Quest: Had you, though?

Barmaid: What, about the breasts thing? No, that was just silliness. I was curious about Ted as a lover, though. Any man who made that much effort must have had something to offer.

Quest: So you went home with him?

Barmaid: He offered to give me a lift, which I badly needed. I was going to stay at the pub, you see. Mike's daughter, who has a room there, was away for the night and I was working the morning after, but Suzy, the daughter, turned up after closing time. So I was stuck. Ted offered to save me a taxi. I told him when I got in the car, 'You know you're not getting off with me,' and he laughed. He was good company, I'll give him that. And of course we ended up back at his place. 'I can't drive another yard without a strong black coffee,' he said. 'I promise no funny business.' So it was either going up or walking, which I didn't fancy. He had a small council flat – to himself, he claimed. No one had ever mentioned a wife. I sat down on the living room sofa and he put on this record then disappeared into the kitchen. And this music began and then voices.

Quest: Voices on the record?

Barmaid: It wasn't a proper record. I mean, I doubt, in fact I know no one could sell it in this country. You know that song, Je t'aime, they wouldn't play on the BBC because it was too sexy. Well, it was like that. Except in English – American actually – and it was this couple doing it. There was music too, but basically a bloke and a bird making love, with all the right words too.

Quest: What words precisely?

Barmaid: You do want jam on it. The first bit of talk was the fellow, telling this girl how great she was, how he fancied her and how he thought she fancied him, and how he wanted to fuck her. He actually said that. My ears bounced up like a rabbit's. I thought I'd misheard, but then the girl's voice said, something like, 'I really want to ball with you, I lie awake at night thinking of your prick –' I thought, 'Jesus, what is this?' And then the heavy breathing started. The fellow was saying, 'I love to touch your breasts, your nipples are so hard,' and the girl said, 'Your cock is so beautiful, so fat, I want to lick it, I want to put it in my mouth.' And then Ted came in. I got up and went over to the player and asked him what on earth it was. He just smiled. He said he'd bought it off a friend at the docks who'd got hold of it somehow. It was a private recording. Then he put down the coffee he'd brought in and stood beside me, listening to it.

Quest: How did it feel to listen?

Barmaid: Absolutely weird. I was all quivery inside. I mean, you can't just stand there and listen to that and feel nothing. I was getting hot and hotter. And Ted just grinned at me and said how good it was; it was where he'd got the idea of putting his prick between a woman's breasts because they did it on the record. 'You'll hear it in a minute,' he said. 'They have one orgasm first then start again.' And this girl's breathing was thundering out the loudspeakers and she was moaning, 'Please do it, do it, now, come into me, oh, oh!' I was shaking like a jelly. I was rooted to the spot. I couldn't have torn myself away. And Ted was standing just a little behind me and suddenly his hands came round from either side and clutched my breasts. I nearly jumped out of my skin. But his thumbs just flicked across my nipples, pressing them through my bra, and he pushed into my back and whispered in my ear, 'You do like it, love, don't you? You can't hide it from me, you're sticking up like hot studs.' And of course I was. Even before he touched me hot shivers were going up and down my body. Now they rushed in a torrent. And Ted began to squeeze my breasts in time with the girl's breathing. And it seemed so funny and delicious at the same time I dropped my head onto his shoulder and said, 'You're a rotten bastard. You don't even fight fair.' He mumbled something about all's fair in love and war and began pulling up my blouse with one hand while he rolled my breasts with the other. I just let him. It was so sexy, so exciting, the sound and his hands on my skin. I let him undo every button on my blouse and untie the ribbon at the front and peel it off my shoulders while I just stood there. He was so eager, just like a little boy with a new toy. He couldn't make my bra slip work properly, so then I reached behind me and did it for him, and he caught my breasts in his hands as the bra fell away, cupping them. He couldn't take his eyes off them. He kept saying, 'God, how fabulous, how fantastic.' I was really pleased. Then he started kissing and licking them, rolling the nipples on his tongue till I thought my head would blow off. And we sank down onto the carpet and the record just finished and went on clicking in the final groove.

Quest: You didn't need it anymore?

Barmaid: You mean he didn't. He began ripping off his trousers and it was funny the way he wouldn't take his eyes off my breasts. He was lying on his back, trying to untangle his underpants from his erection. I could see why he kept his customers coming back. So I thought, it's about time I made some decisions, and I snicked out of my pants before he could finish and I leaned over and took hold of him. He moaned and said, 'Between your tits, Sal, please –' But I squatted on top of him, holding his thing between my legs and pressed it there, hard up against my fanny. And he just moaned, and I just wanted to hold him off and off till he begged and begged me for it, but that hardness against my little man, forcing into me sent such thrills through me. I felt waves almost at once, when you know it's building up and up and your little muscles start to jump. And I eased myself onto it. I hardly knew what I was doing. I just wanted to let it happen, let it drive into me, wash over me, sweep me away. But because I was on top I had to control it. Then Ted's hands came up, crushing my breasts and holding me there. And I heaved onto him and I felt him jerk into me, and I was terrified he'd come. And I tried again and again and I couldn't hold it back, my whole body burned and I swallowed him, right as far as he would go. I can't describe how gorgeous it was. And my womb just exploded and the waves swallowed me and I slumped onto him and just drifted away in my mind and I could just feel him jumping inside me as he came. It was marvellous.

Quest: Do you still see him?

Barmaid: He still comes in, though not as often as before. And he's just the same, as if nothing had happened, which is what I expected, really. It's not as if I fancied him madly. He did sort of trick me. But he didn't get his wish either, did he?

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three Public relations assistant, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Brighton

This interviewee had left home shortly after the break-up of her parents' marriage. After a period at college in the Midlands she had become a junior reporter on a small Scottish newspaper. She was now working in the public relations office of a large Midlands firm.

Quest: I'm told you used to announce at work how many men you'd slept with the night before.

Assistant: Oh God, where did you get that from?

Quest: You didn't?

Assistant: Oh yes, I did. I was a terrible vamp. I used to flirt with everybody. I've settled down a lot since then.

Quest: Do you still make announcements like that?

Assistant: No! I can see Harry – my boss – sacking me on the spot. It's much too big and business-like for that. You're talking about a long way back.

Quest: On the paper?

Assistant: Mmm. We were a tiny little branch office, only one senior there. He was always out doing lineage for the evenings. We were just a very friendly crowd. You could say things like that.

Quest: And no one was shocked?

Assistant: I suppose they were shocked. That was just the way I was.

Quest: Did you tell the truth?

Assistant: About the men I'd slept with? I did most of the time.

Quest: And the rest of the time?

Assistant: It was too embarrassing or painful. I was only trying to put some life into the place. There were some very nice people there, I mean genuinely warm and friendly, but it could be terribly quiet. It was only natural to concentrate a bit on the men.

Quest: You said earlier you were trying to get away from someone.

Assistant: Keith, yes.

Quest: Tell me about Keith.

Assistant: Keith was a reporter on a paper near my college. We shared a flat for a few months after I'd finished.

Quest: How did you meet him?

Assistant: We used to go on guided tours of the local papers. We just got chatting then he rang me up at college, asked me out.

Quest: And you went to bed with him?

Assistant: The first night we went out.

Quest: Tell me about that.

Assistant: I was very impressed with him. First that he'd remembered me – I was hardly eighteen, remember – and second he was a bloody good reporter. He obviously wasn't going to stay around there very long. And I was ambitious too, then. I really wanted the Fleet Street thing, a national byline, the lot. I knew he could teach me a lot. He took me to this drinking club where all the reporters went from the big local evening. It was unutterably sleazy: beer-stained counters, tatty notice-boards, flaking paint. I thought it was marvellous! Really where it was at, you know. Everyone talking about deadlines and stories breaking and all the lineage they were pulling in. Keith seemed to be so much a part of it, all boozy and professional. You can see how young I was. About half a dozen of us went on to a night club where everyone knew the people from the paper. I was just on cloud nine. And suddenly it was three o'clock in the morning, everyone had gone and we were back at Keith's place. He had quite a large flat, which I thought was great because I was stuck with bed and breakfast, and a landlady downstairs. We had a coffee – I think I made it, actually – then he put the bedroom light on and began taking off his clothes. I really didn't know what to do. Then he said, 'Are you stopping then?' I thought, Christ I don't even know where I am, I won't get a taxi at this time of night. Shows how romantic it was! So I said, 'OK' and took off my clothes and got into bed with him.

Quest: Did you make love?

Assistant: Keith was always very gentle. I can't forget that. He put the light out and settled down beside me and nothing happened for a while. I thought, 'This is it, I'm really making it.' Making what, I'll never know! Then I felt him shifting in the bed and he said, 'Goodnight, love' – something like that – and rolled against me and kissed me. My heart was hammering away because I really didn't know what to expect. And I suppose he took that as a cue and I suddenly felt his hands plucking at my pants and his hand was inside.

Quest: You weren't nude?

Assistant: I still had my slip on. He hadn't taken his pants off. I couldn't have just romped around starkers. My boobs are quite small, you see – they're bigger now because of the pill – but I am inhibited a bit the first time, always. People have so many expectations. You can't help gauping, can you?

Quest: Go on.

Assistant: I suddenly realised he had his pants off and it was really a naked cock sticking into me. You couldn't see anything in the room. I remember feeling a bit cheated about that afterwards. At the time I was just glad he hadn't found out how small my boobs were. I helped him slip off my knickers, then I just opened my legs and pulled him into me.

Quest: That the first time you slept with anyone?

Assistant: First time I spent the night with anyone. I'd petted quite a bit at college. One boy had pushed a couple of fingers up. I think that's why there wasn't any fuss when Keith did it completely. I was extraordinarily naïve for an eighteen-year-old. I know you don't believe me.

Quest: I think it's quite reasonable. Did Keith give you an orgasm?

Assistant: I told you he was very gentle. While I was living with him – for the good part anyway, he'd never demand sex if I said I didn't feel like it. I respected him for that. And I was crazy about him, of course. No one had really bothered much about me since I'd left home. But he couldn't satisfy me. I thought it was me. Perhaps it was. But I couldn't have stayed.

Quest: So you moved as far away as you could?

Assistant: Keith used to come up and see me whenever he could. I think he cared more about me, then. In fact I know he did.

Quest: And you began to talk about your problems?

Assistant: Not in the office. Not publicly, I mean. At first I got very promiscuous. I really was a bit of an office bicycle – that's a horrible expression, isn't it? I went out with this incredibly handsome guy in the works at the paper. He was married but he came back to my digs once when the landlady was away for the weekend. And we made love and I didn't see him anymore but the story got around. And suddenly I was Little Miss Popular. I just wanted to have people around all the time, so I could tell Keith I was busy and that I couldn't see him.

Quest: And find a better sexual relationship?

Assistant: I don't think so, not at first. I really thought it was just me, with Keith. I really thought, if this is all there is to sex, what's all the fuss about? I'd be chatting to a guy in the pub and if he fancied me and he really wanted to try then it was easier to go home with him than not. All he did was shove it in and explode and it's better to have someone there at night than not.

Quest: Did you ever tell anyone you felt like this?

Assistant: You're getting round to Peter.

Quest: Tell me about Peter.

Assistant: Peter worked with me on the paper. He came from down south too, so it meant that we gravitated together.

Quest: Did you find him attractive?

Assistant: He wasn't unattractive. I was in a pretty mixed up state then. I certainly wouldn't have said no. He wasn't so attractive I would have said to myself, 'I'm going to have him.' Anyway I don't often do that.

Quest: But you went out with him?

Assistant: We were always out together. If he had a night job and I didn't have anything to do I'd always go along with him. It was just friendly.

Quest: You must have thought of taking it further than that?

Assistant: I tried. No, that sounds as if I was panting for it and I wasn't. I think I just expected it. We went out to some concert, I think, the first weekend after he'd arrived. I more or less asked him to go. It was a boring night job and I knew he wouldn't come if I didn't ask him.

Quest: Why was that?

Assistant: I forget. He'd told one of the other girl reporters he had a girlfriend back down south. It seemed such an obvious move. Sort of sign post: Keep Away. Queers do that sometimes if they don't want to be open about it. I was curious to find out.

Quest: What happened?

Assistant: We went for a walk. When the concert was over. And just talked.

Quest: He didn't make a pass?

Assistant: There was a point, I suggested something silly – climbing on this hillock near the river that goes through the town – he could have done something. You know when you're breathless and laughing and it's so easy to slip into a clinch. I'm putty when I'm really enjoying myself. And you feel so silly if the fellow doesn't take it up, do you know what I mean? It was like that, only he didn't back out of it, he sort of glossed over it. It was as if he knew exactly what was going on – he fancied me and he realised I fancied him – and he wasn't going to do anything about it. For reasons of his own. But he still liked me a lot and we could still be friends. Sounds incredibly complicated. It wasn't at all, really. I was knocked out. I hadn't met anyone like that before. Since then I've had relationships like that with queers – you know, a brother-sister kind of thing – but Peter so obviously wasn't queer. He really genuinely cared about this girlfriend of his, and it seemed so tremendous to me that a relationship could be that important, even when they were so far apart from each other. I couldn't imagine that.

Quest: So you became friends?

Assistant: I used to tell him everything. I mean, not all at once. I told him about Keith, how he couldn't satisfy me.

Quest: What was his reaction to that?

Assistant: I don't even remember where it was. He was very sympathetic – I just wanted to talk about it to someone who wouldn't yawn or think I was making a pass at them.

Quest: He didn't make a pass?

Assistant: No, not then anyway.

Quest: When did he?

Assistant: That's the odd thing. I don't think he ever did, really. It was a time after I told Keith it was all over – I was always telling him that, hoping to God he'd just meet someone else. And he'd phoned up at the office and started a big row which always upset me. So I arranged to see Peter and this younger guy from the office in a pub near Peter's digs. I had a date with someone else but I just couldn't face it. Anyway we got talking about sex. The younger one, I think his name was Alan, thought he was God's gift to Scottish womanhood. He boasted he was the only man he knew who'd gone to a wife-swapping party without being married. He was a nice kid, good fun, but I couldn't take him seriously. The point was I needed to talk to Peter openly – without overtones, but as the conversation became like that because Alan was there it became highly charged, you know. And there was another complication. Peter and I were always larking about in the office, joking, telling silly stories. Everyone there, including Alan, obviously thought we were having the affair of the century. It's no use denying a thing like that. So after about four or five drinks I found myself sitting back and asking the boys what on earth was I going to do because Keith just couldn't give me an orgasm.

Quest: How did they react to that?

Assistant: Peter was containing it, like he always did, trying to be sensible but jokey at the same time. But Alan was obviously busting a gut. We were all a bit skew-whiff, remember. I was going all silly-coy and saying, all little girlish, 'Just no one seems to really fancy me.' Alan burst out, 'Christ, I do!' And Peter didn't say anything, just smiled. So I asked him again and Alan asked him too.

Quest: You wanted him to admit it openly?

Assistant: It sounds a bit cow-y, I know. But I just needed him to say. I didn't want him to rip his trousers off and do me there and then.

Quest: What did he do?

Assistant: He said he fancied me.

Quest: How did you feel about that?

Assistant: That was the ridiculous thing. I was quite shattered. My heart was bumping away like mad. I mean, taking it for understood is one thing. Being honest about it is something completely different. I really hadn't expected to feel like that. I went all coy and blushy.

Quest: What happened next?

Assistant: Then the lights flickered and it was closing time. It was a freezing night outside. I clapped my hands together and asked all sort of coy again, who was going to take me home. Peter's digs were on my way home, so Alan started cursing his luck, saying Peter"s luck was in. All a big joke, but there was that electric feeling underneath. Tingly, you know. Alan stomped off and Peter walked back to my place, arm in arm.

Quest: What did you talk about?

Assistant: About how glad I was that he fancied me because I fancied him. I felt fantastic, actually. It was a bit of the beer, I suppose but also being warm and close to someone you like a lot. We got back to my digs – it was in a long terrace and I always went in at the back. And the landlady's light was still on, so I said, 'Well you can't come in and seduce me tonight,' and he just grinned and said, 'Down south we learn to take our women against bare boards.' I know it sounds like a horse opera! I was standing by a wooden fence at the bottom of the garden. There was a tiny alleyway at the back, you see. But hardly anyone ever used it. I said, 'Aren't you going to give me a goodnight kiss?' and he did, forcing me back against the wood. And he was gorgeous. It was the first time he'd even held my arm that evening and I had no idea what to expect. But all of a sudden his tongue was darting between my teeth and then he was nibbling my neck and my ears. I die if anyone does that. He just knew what to do. And best of all he was excited. I had a terrible old duffle coat on but he was just wearing a jacket and I could still feel his erection pressing into me. And that was it. I was sopping.

Quest: Your relationship changed?

Assistant: I had to have him. I had got so close to him mentally I just had to complete it. I had to know his body as well. I remember coming up for air absolutely breathless, my heart going like an alarm bell. I whispered, 'Peter, you're going to have to do me – ' And to my horror he looked as if he was going to back out. I cursed that girlfriend. I grabbed his hand and pulled it into my duffle coat onto my sweater. I couldn't understand how he could stop. I pleaded with him, for God's sake. And then suddenly he had grabbed my arm, yanked me through the garden gate and slammed me against the inside fence. I was stunned. All I knew was his hands unbuttoning my duffle coat, slipping it aside and his hands were under my frock. I gaped at him. It was so out of character. Then his finger touched the front of my pants and it was like firework day. It was like getting a cold sharp shock. I went wild. His other hand was rifling up under my sweater and I wriggled so much, trying to kiss him, my boobs squeezed out of my bra. It was so utterly wanton and gorgeous. Like rape, but a dream rape where all nice things happen. I remember squealing as his fingers came up into me and at the same time I was tearing at his zip. It all happened so quickly. I was trying to step out of my pants and pull him out of his pants. By the time I'd untangled myself I stood up and felt the most gorgeous round humps of his bare bum. God, that was so on-turning. Just to have him standing there in the open, bare-bottomed, with his prick jutting out. I go goose-pimply just remembering. I put my hand round him and he was so fat he must really have fancied me. And I wanted to hold him and touch him lovingly, but he pushed me back onto the wood again and the next I knew his prick was crushing the edge of my fanny and I thought I was going to die. It was beyond pain, beyond bliss. I was terrified he might be too huge for me because I would take it all standing up like that, and I tried to say but I had no breath. I was just moaning and gasping and clutching at him and then he bent and lunged forward and he seemed to come through the top of my skull. I'm sure I screamed. It was so violent and glorious.

Quest: Did you climax then?

Assistant: I think it was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me sexually.

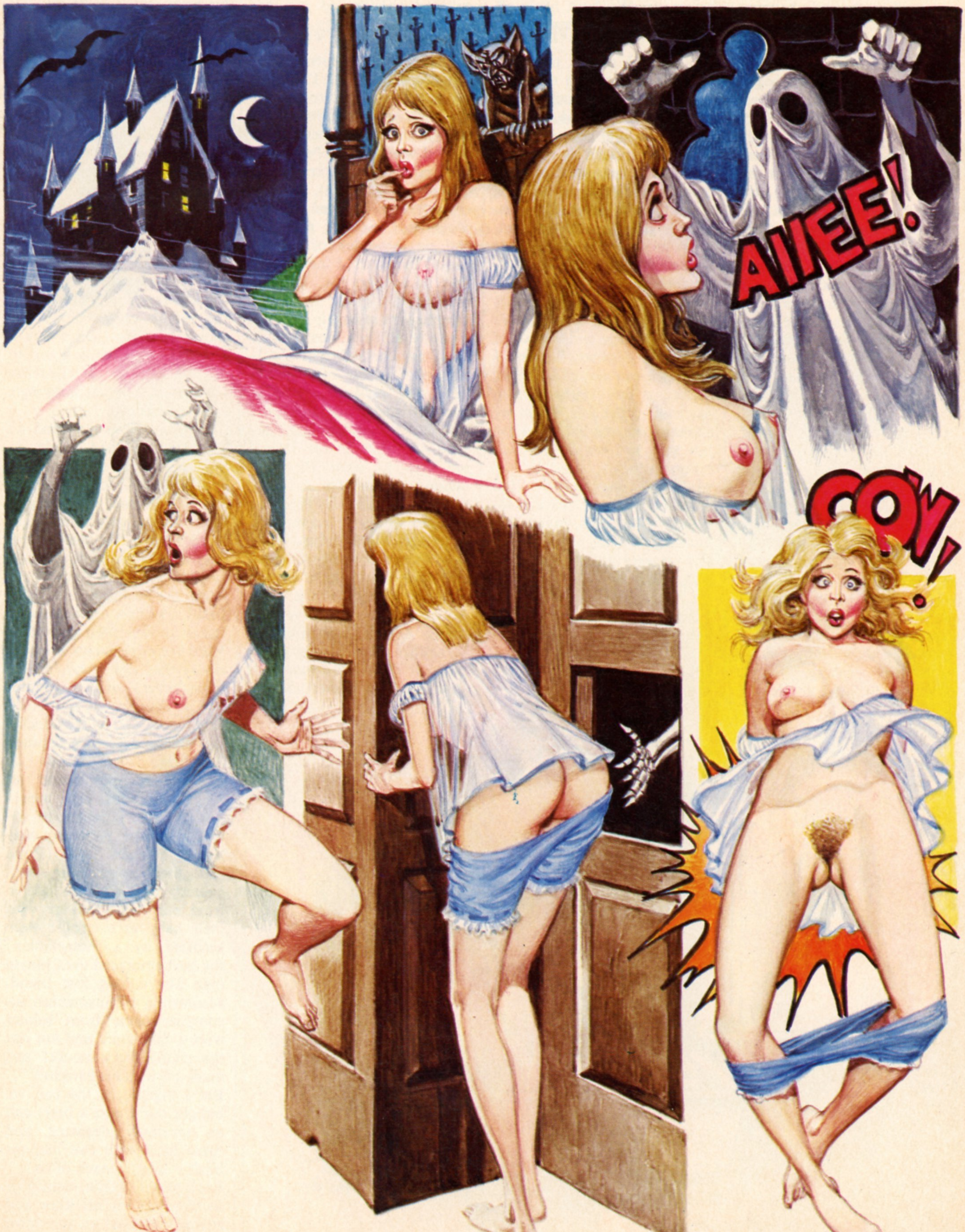
Quest: Did the relationship continue on this new level?

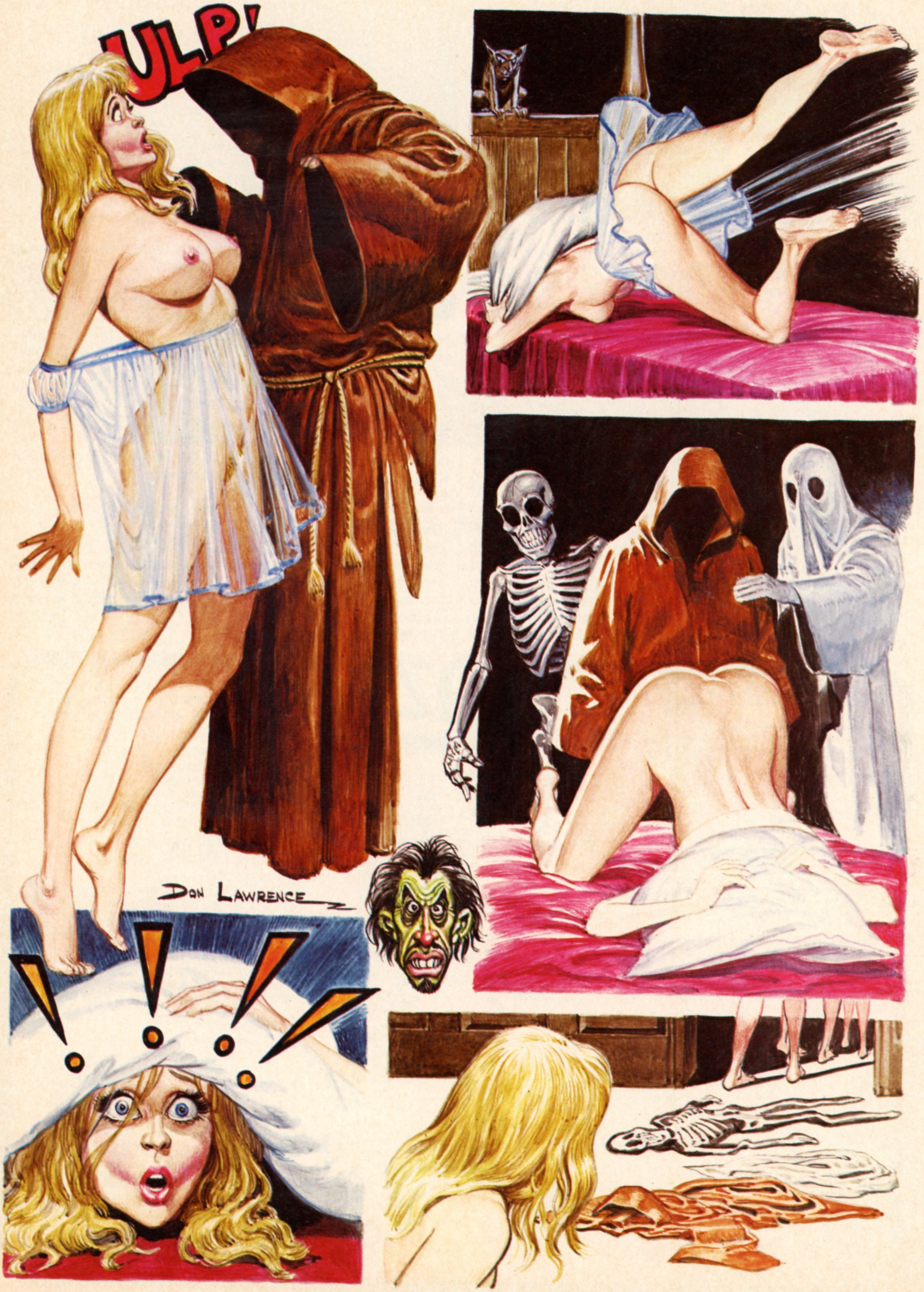
Assistant: Peter made it clear it was a one-off thing for him. Quite kindly. He left the job shortly afterwards. I told Keith about him and that seemed to knock that on the head finally. So some good came of it.

Quest: Thank you.

CARRIE

Carrie's hair isn't all that stands on end at the midnight hour




ULP!
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